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THE LIBERAL DEFEAT.

AFTER an exciting debate of two nights, the Liberal party sustained a mortifying defeat at an early hour on Saturday morning. It would be idle to underrate the gravity of this disaster, or to depreciate a Ministerial triumph which was far more decisive than even Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues had ventured to anticipate. We can quite understand the feelings with which the Conservatives crowded round their leader to offer congratulations in the moment of triumph; but although we acknowledge, we do not envy them, the advantage which they have gained. For, after all, their triumph is not an honest one. They have won—but in winning they have forfeited their party honour. While they resisted innovation in the name of the constitution; while they stoutly maintained the doctrine of the balance of classes; while they declaimed with genuine aversion against the swamping of the existing constituencies, we respected their sincerity, though we regretted the delusions under which they laboured. But it is impossible to respect a party which puts forth a Bill, the greatest merit of which is that it is all things to all men—which is a highly conservative measure in the opinion of Sir S. Northcote and Mr. Hardy, which Mr. Henley can advocate for its substantially liberal character, in which advanced Reformers can trace the lineaments of household suffrage, and which Mr. Disraeli can cause to assume in rapid succession all the changing hues of a political chameleon. It is not a Bill based upon clear principle or definite conviction. It is simply one made to pass—in some shape or other—and by passing, to keep the Conservatives on the sunny side of the House, and the present occupants of the Treasury Bench in their long coveted places. It has arrived safely at its present stage not because any considerable section of the House approves of it as it stands, but because the chronic distaste for Reform has taken a new form. The notion that an extension of the suffrage can be hustled aside is now abandoned. The agitation of last autumn has convinced every one that "something must be done;" and the consequence is that there is now a sort of panic-stricken eagerness to pass a measure—no matter what—in order to get rid, as it is fondly hoped, of a question that is as unpopular as it ever was with the great bulk of the representatives of the people. It is by cleverly playing upon that desire, and by the fears of those who dread a dissolution, that Mr. Disraeli has succeeded in dividing the Liberal party, and in obtaining the sanction of the House to what is called the principle of the Government Bill. To a statesman a victory so obtained would appear of little or no value; because he would see that it settles nothing, that it leaves open the most irritating subjects of controversy, and that it carries with it no moral weight. But to mere Parliamentary tacticians like the Chancellor of the Exchequer it is everything to obtain a success that secures a momentary predominance, and may even enable them to tide over a session. To such men, sufficient for the day is the good or the evil thereof. Relying on their audacity and their skill, they leave the future to take care of itself in a happy confidence that human credulity will never leave them without dupes.

It would be both tedious and unprofitable to review in any detail the debate of last week. Nothing transpired to shake our opinion of the essentially tricky and insincere character of

the Government Bill. The only plausible defences offered for the measure were those contained in the speeches of Mr. Henley and Mr. Hardy. But, after all, they left matters just as they were before. They offered no valid reply to the arguments of their opponents that the borough franchise would be tainted by the vices of inequality and capriciousness; that in some boroughs it would amount to household suffrage while in others it would, in ordinary times, scarcely extend the suffrage to any appreciable extent; that while appearing to offer votes with an ungrudging hand to the working classes, the Bill does so on conditions with which all experience shows that they will not and cannot comply; that it would establish an odious distinction between compound householders above and those below £10, both in respect to the term of residence and the amount of payment requisite to qualify; that it would offer a wide field for the manufacture of votes both to electioneering agents and to agitating organizations; that the restrictions with which it would surround the franchise would be felt as a perpetual political blister; and that under the system which it would establish it would be left practically in the power of the parochial authorities to enfranchise or disfranchise large bodies of their fellow-subjects accordingly as they might adopt or might repudiate the Small Tenements Act. So strongly were these considerations felt that, although Mr. Gladstone was left in a minority, he obtained the support of almost every man on the Liberal side who can be credited with any sincere desire for Reform, or whose opinion is entitled to any weight on political subjects. With few exceptions, the dissentients of the Tea-room voted in the ranks of their party. The advanced Liberals did not, in more than four or five rather questionable instances, allow themselves to be drawn over to the Government by the hope of converting the Reform Bill into a measure of household suffrage pure and simple. The great body of the Whigs, much to their honour, rallied frankly round a leader who is not one of themselves; and even Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman returned to the fold from which they withdrew last year. The deserters from our ranks consisted of a section of the old Adullamites who still follow Lord Grosvenor; of a very few Radical members; and of a large number of political nondescripts who are almost always in a state of fluctuation between the Treasury Bench and the Opposition. The Conservative organs proclaim loudly that the Bill was saved by the common sense of the House of Commons; but if that be the case, it would appear that the common sense of that assembly resides in its least distinguished and least influential members. Our own explanation certainly involves no such difficulty as that.

Although it cannot be disguised that the division of last Saturday was a severe blow to the Liberal party, it by no means follows that it secures the safety of the Government Bill. Although the discussion embraced the whole subject of the borough franchise, the issue actually before the House was one of a very narrow kind. Mr. Gladstone, it will be recollect, placed on the paper three amendments, which together embody his plan. The first struck at the principle of the personal payment of rates, by declaring that the occupier should vote whether he or his landlord was the payer; the second provided that the term of residence requisite to qualify should be one year (instead of two) for householders below, as it is now for householders above £10; and the third drew "the hard and fast line" at £5 rental value. Now it is only the

first of these amendments that has been negative; and all that has been affirmed, therefore, is, that the franchise shall be dependent upon the personal payment of rates. But it is open to Mr. Gladstone and those who agree with him to attain substantially the object they have in view by supporting Earl Grosvenor's amendments, which are still on the paper, and have yet to come on. If these were adopted, the personal payment of rates would still be a necessary qualification; but then it would be enacted that compounding should cease at £5. In fact, we should arrive by a somewhat different process at exactly the same equal, uniform, and simple £5 rating franchise which it was the object of Mr. Gladstone to establish. Now it is by no means certain that a majority of the House will not be willing to affirm Earl Grosvenor's amendments. They may be consistently supported by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and those who think with them, that household suffrage is at present out of the question, and that the great point is to base the franchise on a low qualification equally accessible to all whom it professes to enfranchise. On the other hand, the Government cannot allege that—like Mr. Gladstone's first amendment—they are inconsistent with "the principle of the Bill" so far as that is embodied in the personal payment of rates; and it will, we suspect, be very difficult for them to carry their own party with them in rejecting a "hard" line when it is proposed from the Opposition benches. On the other hand, Mr. Forster, and a large section of the advanced Liberals, will probably feel great disinclination to vote for a proposition which would have a disfranchising as well as an enfranchising aspect; and which would close the door, at least for a time, upon household suffrage. They would prefer Mr. Hibbert's amendment, which places the compound householder below £10 on precisely the same footing as the compound householder above, by allowing the former like the latter to pay the composition instead of the full rate. If we can place any confidence on the half hints, and the discreetly-indiscreet revelations of Colonel Taylor, Mr. Disraeli is not averse to this concession. And if he could carry his party with him, we must, for our part, confess that we should not be sorry to attain in this way a franchise of a far more liberal character than has at any time hitherto seemed within our reach. But, then, that is just the point on which we entertain the gravest doubts. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Conservatives will follow their leader in throwing aside all the securities and checks which have hitherto but half reconciled them to the measure. Up to the present time he has managed to display a double face and to scatter ambiguous words; but he must declare himself plainly on Mr. Hibbert's amendment. The Bill must then assume definitively a Radical or a Conservative form; and we do not think that the House is prepared—still less that the Tories can be induced—to give it the former character. The adoption of Earl Grosvenor's amendment, therefore, seems to us to offer by far the best chance of settling the question in a manner which will at once be fair and intelligible; and which, although moderate, will give a real, substantial, and frank extension of the suffrage. It is not for us to predict what course Mr. Gladstone may adopt under the discouraging circumstances in which he finds himself. Much must depend upon the feeling of the party; and the tendency of public opinion during the recess. But it would be well for Liberals who are in favour of household suffrage to ask themselves whether they are not striving after the unattainable; and to reflect upon the probable consequences of deserting Mr. Gladstone should he, after full consideration, determine upon adopting Earl Grosvenor's proposition. It will be an act of folly to let slip the substance in pursuing a shadow; to suffer the chance of securing a good franchise to escape in the vain hope of getting a better. This is certainly not a time at which we can afford to pursue each man his own crotchet. After the division of last Saturday morning, it is more than ever necessary that the party should close their ranks, and repose a generous confidence in their leader. If they do not they will lose all control over the Bill in committee, and will find themselves reduced on the third reading to the disastrous alternative of passing a measure which every one dislikes, or of rendering the labour of the session entirely fruitless. In a letter written immediately after the division, Mr. Gladstone yielding to a not unnatural feeling of depression, expresses a doubt as to his any longer possessing the power to improve the Government Bill. That distrust in himself will probably be dispelled by the demonstrations which will take place throughout the country during the recess. At any rate the Liberal members owe it both to themselves and to Mr. Gladstone to place it beyond a doubt that he has still their hearty support. No time ought to be lost in arriving at a mutual understanding by some better means than a semi-public meeting, at which anything

like a free interchange of views is impossible. If that be done, and if a careful and candid estimate be formed, not only of what is desirable, but of what is attainable, we do not despair of retrieving the defeat of Saturday last, and of ultimately transforming the Government Bill into an acceptable and useful measure.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.

THE recent change in the Italian Ministry is *prima facie* a misfortune for the country. There is nothing more necessary to Italy than a settled Government. Even in England, frequent alterations in the personnel of the Administration are attended with grave inconvenience, and with a serious obstruction to the course of public business. But the case is much worse where there is disorder in the finances; where every department of the public service stands in more or less need of reorganization; and where one of the most urgent wants of the time is the restoration of public confidence. It is difficult to see how that confidence can revive if no one knows from day to day who will be the rulers of the country, and if the attention of those who are in office is incessantly diverted from the consideration of the measures which the country requires, by the necessity of defending their Ministerial existence against intrigue or faction. Nor is that all. There is something mysterious about the fall of Baron Ricasoli, which has naturally given rise to all kinds of rumours, and has spread a vague alarm in the highest degree detrimental to the national interests. No sufficient explanation has been offered of the resignation of a Minister who had just dissolved Parliament, and had obtained the return of a new assembly, in which he had a considerable majority of supporters. When an apparently sound ship founders in a calm sea, one cannot help suspecting that foul play of some kind has been at work. It does not, however, follow that such suspicions are well founded. Accidents happen both at sea and in politics, and it is quite possible that if we knew the whole story of the recent change of Ministry, we should find that there was nothing to justify apprehension, or to warrant the imputations which have been freely cast both upon the King and upon the incoming Premier. We should probably have heard fewer of these had not the change of Government been contemporaneous with the dispute between France and Prussia on the subject of Luxembourg. This circumstance has given a degree of colour to the suggestion that while Ricasoli is the friend of the Prussian, Rattazzi is the partisan of the French alliance; that the one has been expelled from, and the other brought back to, office, in order to entangle the country in a coming war; and that the latter has been selected as a likely tool to carry through a *coup d'état* in case the Parliament should show any unwillingness to support the designs of Napoleon. No proof of these insinuations is, however, forthcoming. The whole tenor of the King's reign is, in the highest degree, inconsistent with any design on his part against the Constitution; for, whatever other faults he may have committed, he has certainly never yet shown himself wanting in respect for the institutions of the country. Moreover, so far as we can judge, his sympathies are far more likely to be with Prussia than with France; for while he has no cause of quarrel with the former country, he is understood never to have forgiven the latter the sacrifice extorted from him on the cession of Savoy and Nice. We do not believe, therefore, that his Majesty would resort to a *coup d'état* for any purpose whatever, and least of all for the purpose of plunging the country into a war from which she could gain nothing whatever. If it were said that Rome was to be left to its fate as the price of the assistance given by Italy to France, there would be more plausibility in the story. But so far is this from being alleged, that it is asserted in the quarters from which these reports emanate that the consideration for Italian assistance is to be a mere money bribe. To act in the manner imputed would imply, on the part of the King and the Minister, an amount both of folly and baseness that is simply incredible. The only real ground for the suspicions that are so freely expressed consists in what we believe to be a fact—that, during his former tenure of office, Rattazzi exhibited undue submission to French influence. But it must be remembered that the circumstances were then very different from those which exist at present. At that time, not only was there a French garrison in Rome, but the Austrians were in Venetia, and there seemed no chance of expelling them without the assistance of the Emperor Napoleon. It is not improbable that Rattazzi, who is more remarkable for *finesse* than for firmness, may have thought that the only prospect of realizing the hopes of his countrymen lay in keeping their Imperial patron in good humour. He knew that Cavour, under whom he had been introduced into official life, had played a game in which

flexibility was mingled with audacity; and we can well understand that he tried to imitate that portion of the late statesman's career which he was best fitted to understand and to follow. But it by no means follows that, as matters now stand, he will pursue a similar course. Italy has at present nothing to expect from France; it has nothing to gain by playing the jackal to the lion. And it is therefore at least premature to assume that the new Minister will repeat on a more disastrous scale the real or alleged faults of his former administration.

The new Government are certainly entitled to a fair trial and to a charitable construction of their acts. The great difficulty under which they labour arises from themselves. With the exception of the Premier they are little known; and it can hardly be said that their previous careers have been such as to justify their elevation to high office. There can be no doubt that at the present juncture Italy requires a stronger Government; and it is a matter of the deepest regret that Ricasoli and Rattazzi did not form a coalition. The character of the former would then have inspired confidence, while the latter would have brought to the Cabinet an administrative skill, tact, and vigour in which the Tuscan baron is deficient. However, that seems to have been found impossible, and we must take the new Government as we find it. So far as their programme goes there is little fault to be found. Rattazzi's speech on taking office is full of satisfactory assurances; but unfortunately our experience does not warrant us in reposing entire faith on the promises of an Italian Government. It is, however, satisfactory to see that internal improvement and the settlement of the finances of the country are placed in the foreground; and to hear that "we shall be all the better able to devote ourselves to its execution, because, being free and independent of any sort of engagement at home or abroad, we may occupy ourselves exclusively with the necessity arising out of our domestic position." So far as words can go, this, of course, amounts to a pledge that the Minister will not commit the country to any mad or meddlesome intervention in foreign politics. Economy is to be the order of the day; and although there is a rather suspicious sentence or two about the reorganization of the army, these are coupled with an acceptable hint that it may be possible to reduce its cost. The policy of Ricasoli's Government will be followed, so far as the centralization of the constitution is concerned; and hopes are held out that the net produce of the taxes will be increased by improved methods of collection. A measure will be forthwith produced for the liquidation of the ecclesiastical property, and the application of the proceeds to the restoration of a financial equilibrium. No details are given as to the plan of the Government in reference to this all-important point; but we may be tolerably certain of two things—that it will not embody any attempt to found a free Church in a free State, and that it will carry confiscation to a considerably greater length than was proposed in Ricasoli's ill-starred measure. We confess, however, that we should have liked to see the expression of a more vigorous determination to make both ends meet. The realization of the Church property will necessarily be a slow process; and although economy may do a good deal, it will make comparatively little impression on the enormous annual deficit, which at present shows no sign of diminution. The repetition of the King's recent promise, that no new taxes shall be imposed, will no doubt be grateful to the nation; but, at the same time, we do not think it embodies a policy at all worthy of the country. The Italians ought not to shrink from paying the cost of the independence they have achieved; and to a certain extent they do shrink, when they content themselves with saying that they cannot bear any more imposts, and make that the starting-point of their financial arrangements. The right line to adopt would unquestionably be, to determine that the deficit should be filled up, and then to set about finding the best way to do it. Some temporary inconvenience would, no doubt, result from the addition to the national burthens. But it would be more than repaid by the advantage which the country would derive from presenting itself in a favourable light to the capitalists of Europe. As we have often before taken occasion to say, Italy can never make any great advance in prosperity until she attracts from abroad the capital which she does not herself possess and which is absolutely essential to the development of her resources. But until she is seen to be resolutely bent upon paying her way; until she affords substantial proof of her readiness to make the sacrifices requisite for this; until stains upon her honour such as that involved in the treatment of the Canal Cavour shareholders are removed; and until all reasonable apprehension of such a catastrophe as a national bank-

ruptcy is at end,—it will be difficult to overcome the repugnance of the moneyed interest to Italian investments. There is certainly a weakness, which we regret to see, in this portion of Rattazzi's programme; but at the same time we are willing to hope that when he is once installed in office he will feel the necessity of grappling boldly with the vital question of the day. Something may perhaps be allowed for the natural reluctance of a new Minister to inaugurate his rule by announcing the imposition of new taxes.

The Rattazzi Government is relieved from one source of annoyance, if not of embarrassment, by the termination of Admiral Persano's trial. So long as that was going on, the rumours to which it gave rise cast a shade of unpopularity upon any Government which happened to be in power. The facts which kept coming out as to the state of the Italian fleet at the outbreak of the late war naturally tended to excite a general distrust of the administrative capacity of Italian statesmen, from which the men actually in office inevitably suffered more or less. It is, indeed, impossible to censure too strongly the incapacity or the negligence of the Minister for Marine under Della Marmora's Government. For it is clear that, notwithstanding the enormous sum which had been expended upon them, the ships were shamefully deficient in almost every kind of stores and equipments. Still, deficient as they were, they were immensely superior in force to the wooden fleet which attacked them. The mortifying defeat of Lissa can only be explained by a total want of skill or courage on the part of Persano. The Senate have mercifully acquitted him of the latter charge—in spite of the evidence, rather than in accordance with it. Of the former, however, he stands convicted on the clearest proof; and he has been very properly dismissed the service which he has disgraced. We trust that the Italians will not be content with that. The administrative system of the country must be in a state of dire confusion, or it would have been impossible for the navy to have fallen into the condition in which it was found on the outbreak of war. Rattazzi will have quite enough to do in reforming this, and in providing for the financial necessities of the country, without taking part in a European war, or interfering in the disputes of France and Prussia. It is so obviously both the duty and the interest of Italy to persevere in a strict policy of non-intervention, that in spite of the sinister rumours which are spread abroad, we must refuse to believe that any Minister could be insane or wicked enough to contemplate any other course.

EARL RUSSELL'S PLEA FOR THE DEFENCE OF CANADA.

It has long been observed that Canadian politicians, while vindicating for their country every right of self-government, have taken advantage of their nominal connection with England to exact from the overtaxed population of this country the most unreasonable pecuniary advantages. Dread of the United States and consolidation of the British power have by turns been made pretexts for subsidies, loans, and guarantees; and if the demands of the place-hunters who wrangle at Ottawa had been complied with to their full extent, we have no doubt that even the long-suffering endurance of our tax-payers would have kicked against the outrageous burden. Our governing classes, however, to whom the colonial system opens a rich field of patronage and jobbery, have been careful at once to gratify, if not to satiate, colonial greed, and to avoid awakening public attention to these transactions. Hitherto these views have been successfully carried out. Canada has asked; England has paid. But when the intervention of the Imperial Government was solicited in the Confederation scheme, the most upright politicians congratulated themselves on possible escape from a union discreditable, hollow, and degrading to both parties. At least, if the imaginary tie which binds Canada to the mother country were not cut, it was hoped that the alteration in its character would put an end to the ceaseless demands of the colonists. This, however, was not to be. As the price of a federation, which, unless it conferred benefit on the communities concerned, had no *raison d'être*, we were impudently called on for a large and very precarious loan to aid the completion of the Grand Trunk line. Englishmen have little reason to be proud of, or attached to Canadian railway speculations, and Mr. Lowe, with some others, forcibly urged the rejection of the preposterous claim in the House of Commons. But, as usual, officialism and official interests prevailed. We are now hopelessly saddled with this responsibility. But bad as we must deem the transaction in itself, it is of small significance compared with the grounds on which it is justified. The debate, a few nights ago in the House of Lords, on the

Bill sanctioning the loan, brought out in notable prominence the incompetence of Whig and Tory statesmen to emancipate themselves from the corrupting traditions of an obsolete past. The Duke of Buckingham, in moving the third reading, avoided, as might be supposed, allusion to the real origin of the request or demand, the rapacity of the Canadian Legislature; he based the claim on the imperial and military importance of the work, as calculated to facilitate the defence of the province. In reply to some moderate and sensible remarks from Lord Lyveden, who deprecated our expensive and useless military occupation of British North America, Earl Russell, with great bitterness and ardour, repudiated the idea of England's retiring from the defence of her outlying dependencies. In itself his argument is not worthy of much attention, but as affording another proof of how hampered the Whig connection is by the rigidity of its chief's policy, it will be noted by politicians.

We put out of sight for a moment, as Lord Lyveden did, the consideration whether we are called upon, in obedience to duty, honour, or interest, to undertake the heavy responsibility of protecting against all comers our colonies, nominally dependent, but really self-governing communities. We directly dispute Earl Russell's statement that an efficient defence of Canada is possible. A correspondent, to whom the *Times* accords the honours of its largest type, has already challenged the conclusions of the Whig statesman, and, to say truth, it does not need very profound military knowledge or historical or topographical information to appreciate the fallacies that underlie his reasonings. A "thoughtful" contemporary has expressed high admiration of the "old man's pluck" in asserting that we could as easily defend Canada now as we defended Portugal once against the French and Spaniards under the best generals of the First Empire. The admiration seems to us singularly misplaced. It may be plucky, but it is certainly not creditable to run one's head against a stone wall; and Earl Russell, with his inapt comparison of Portugal, and his scarcely-veiled scorn of the United States, has shown a very decided disposition to perform such a feat. In the Duke of Cambridge, who echoed the war-cry of Woburn, we are not immensely surprised to see the militant spirit supreme; but from a statesman, the leader of a great party, we expect ordinarily something like sense, prudence, and modesty. There can be no doubt, as the correspondent of the *Times*, to whom we have above alluded, remarks, that this strange pugnacity in Earl Russell is no more than a manifestation of that all-embracing self-assertion, long ago keenly pointed at in Sydney Smith's trite epigram; but as it is unlikely that we shall ever have the advantage of utilizing the Whig leader's capacity as Commander-in-Chief in the defence of the frontiers of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, it behoves us to consider how far that enterprise may be practicable under necessarily inferior guidance.

In our gallant defence of Portugal, says Earl Russell, we were numerically outmatched, and we had against us the greatest general in the world; "but we, too, had a great general; but, above all, we had spirit and determination to defend Portugal." And we succeeded. But, we may ask, had we nothing else on our side, then, upon which we could not count in a fight for Canada? In our Peninsular War we were absolute masters of the sea; the country that we held was limited in area, and strong in its natural difficulties; it was incapable of supporting very large bodies of the invading forces for any lengthened period; finally and chiefly, our great antagonist had too many other foes to meet to strike a truly vigorous blow at Wellington's army in Portugal. In fact, for all practical purposes, England was nearer to Lisbon, and could hold the Spanish border more easily than France. But in the event of a war with the United States for Canada, not only would these advantages fail us, they would be actually on the side of our opponents. However martial journalists may go out of the way to compare the forces of England and America, and to match our thirty millions with theirs, we cannot blink the fact that if the States are scattered over a continent, we are scattered over five continents. Nation for nation, were we fighting even for existence, it may be doubted whether we could put so large or so efficient an army into the field as that which fought the Civil War; we certainly could not and would not do so for Canada. At this moment half our military strength is drawn off to guard our Eastern Empire; our fleet is scattered over every sea; we have wearisome work cut out for us in New Zealand, in the West Indies, in South Africa, in China; and, be it remembered, we have Ireland. But Lord Russell tells us, and excitable talkers echo him, that we can send across the Atlantic, in the face of at least the second maritime nation in the world, an army able to defend a frontier left absolutely open by nature for a reach of three

thousand miles, against half a million of trained and practised soldiers, resting upon a base of operations comprising the most extensive food-producing districts known, and perhaps the most prosperous communities in either hemisphere. It should not be forgotten that in a war with the United States we could not reckon on any effective diversion in our favour. The entire force of the great Western Republic would be thrown on a frontier not fortified either by nature or by the hand of man.

It may seem that the mere statement of this position, as any one with a map and a geographical dictionary can judge for himself, overthrows completely the case for a defence of Canada. But Earl Russell, and those who share his militant spirit, rely on moral as well as on physical grounds. They exaggerate the former just as much as the latter. Within our limits we cannot properly deal with a question so wide and so important as the retention of colonies. But it is impossible to avoid one reflection. We have over and over asserted that the tie which links us to Canada and similar dependencies, is, on the side of the colony, merely an optional one. Why, then, should it be compulsory for us? If even Earl Russell's theory were sound, why should we expose ourselves to the risk of a most uncertain war for the sake of a community quite capable of standing alone, and already practically independent? Much more, if, as we believe, a defence of Canada from invasion by the United States would be impracticable, why, by raising false hopes and making rash promises, do we expose the Canadians to a danger, arising solely from the British connection, and ourselves to humiliation and disaster? Mr. Lowe justly said, in the House of Commons, that we had separated from the States because we insisted on taxing them, but that we should separate from the Canadians because they would insist on taxing us. This observation is borne out fully by the debate in the House of Lords. We are taxed directly for this loan which is at once a bribe paid for that dear commodity, Canadian loyalty, and a menace to the United States. We are taxed indirectly by the system of futile defence, the maintenance of which Earl Russell upholds. Forty years ago, this policy, pandering to petty national vanity and careless of truly national interests, was not the policy of the Whigs. The Whigs were then full of the robust health of renewed youth; and the *Edinburgh Review* could say in 1826, what it dares not say now,—"There is not a man of sense in the Empire who does not look forward to the dissolution, at no distant period, of the present connection between Canada and England." But now the corrupting influences of office have done their work, and we have Earl Russell talking as Lord North might have talked. Is there any hope that the party with a new leader will renew its ideas? We have sacrificed much for our colonies, and borne much from them; but England will not be dragged, to gratify place-hunters on either side of the Atlantic, into a worse than Crimean war.

THE COMMISSION ON TRADES' UNIONS.

SIR WILLIAM ERLE and his colleagues are pursuing their labours with the thoroughness that was to be expected of them, and with an impartiality which the composition of the Commission was intended to secure. There is some danger, however, that the results of the Commission may be falsely discounted. Writers are watching the evidence, but without writing on it except when it begins to tell against the men. Mr. Applegarth, Mr. Potter, and others, have borne testimony such as must highly gratify those who, as we have done, have sought to argue that in all probability trades-unionists were like other men, and endeavoured to advance their interests very much as other men in other walks of life. This is surely a moderate presumption, but it has been immoderately repudiated; and in order to discredit it nothing is needed except to seize upon the portions of the evidence before the Commission which tell against the working men, and to pronounce "simply incredible" whatever tells in their favour. Those who know how admirably our system of commissions and special committees works—and there is really nothing of which Englishmen have greater reason for pride, for nearly every reform that any one can desire has been supported by the evidence and report of one or more of these tribunals—will not readily carp at the manner in which witnesses give, or examiners search the evidence. Every one knows that witnesses go before commissions to prove particular things, and it is the duty of those Commissioners who are not persuaded of the justice of their object to take care that they should not prove those particular things if cross-examination can invalidate their evidence. We only hope, therefore, that when the masters come before the Commission, they will be treated as uncom-

promisingly as the men have been by Mr. Roebuck. That rough-tongued *quondam* Radical has certainly exhibited an amount of *animus* which must have produced, if anything could, impressions most adverse to the unions. When he questioned Mr. Applegarth, he found he had to deal with what is called at the bar "a good witness" on the other side. Mr. Applegarth was master of the social prejudices of which Mr. Roebuck is the interpreter, and being an exceedingly clever, ready man, was prepared for the member for Sheffield at all points. Mr. Harnott, on the other hand, the Masons' Secretary, is obviously a man simply content with his business, and not caring what was thought of its operation upon other interests. He calmly suffered himself to be posed repeatedly by Mr. Roebuck on points reflecting on the unions from the public point of view, content to reply, "I don't know about that," and not supposing it to be in the least necessary to prove that what his society did for the benefit of its members was not in a large view beneficial to society. It is this evidence that the *Times* has selected very characteristically for the subject of its first leading article on the Commission, and we are not surprised that it should deduce unfavourable conclusions from it. Perhaps there may be utility in showing how well, as barristers say, Mr. Roebuck does his work. It had been given in evidence by Mr. Harnott, that in many places there were local rules by which masters and men agreed to be bound. This, he said, prevented disputes, promoted harmony, and in fact worked well. Whereupon, Mr. Roebuck asks, "What do you mean by working well?" Mr. Harnott answers, "Working harmoniously together so as to prevent strikes." Mr. Roebuck then remarks—"The men get what they want, and therefore getting what they want they do not strike; that is what you mean by working well." Could anything possibly be worse in spirit than this? What would be the significance of harmony anywhere if there were a Roebuck at hand to put the most uncharitable construction on it, and to convince the parties that one must be injured, or the other would not be content? Take another matter. At all points Mr. Roebuck follows up, with the mason witnesses, the allegation that they do not allow the bricklayers to place the stones which are added as a finish to brickwork. Well, it is admitted that in the country this is often done without objection. Why? First for convenience, there being no masons at hand; and, secondly, because in the country the quality of work is comparatively of little consequence. But both these considerations seem to suggest that in towns and amongst large bodies of workmen the placing of masonry by bricklayers would be undesirable. And it happened that when a bricklayer came before the Commission, this impression was thoroughly confirmed. The Commissioners failed to convince the bricklayers that they were injured by being forbidden to do mason's work. "When would the mason raise the objection," said Lord Elcho to Mr. Coulson, the bricklayer, "because you have said that sometimes he would not raise any?" And this was the answer—"Supposing he had been working jambs of windows or doors, he would raise an objection to the bricklayers setting it, and that would be just, because the bricklayer might do more damage in setting one stone than the mason would do throughout the building." This, coming from a necessarily impartial witness, was surely a very complete answer to the case of Mr. Roebuck that this was an arbitrary prohibition. But Mr. Roebuck was not satisfied. "Do you think," said he, "you could not set a stone of the kind you are referring to as well as a stonemason?" "Certainly not," replied the man, and we believe him. But, suppose he could set a stone as well as a mason, why should the masons let him? Suppose a grocer in the Strand can cure the liver-complaint, would the doctors let him? Suppose an attorney of Thavies' Inn was notoriously a finer advocate than Mr. Coleridge, would the Lord Chief Justice hear him at the Bar? What trade or profession in the world is there which permits any other trade or profession to perform its functions while it can prevent the encroachment? We cannot imagine how people can bring their minds into the jaundiced condition in which Mr. Roebuck's appears perpetually to be. Prate of political economy how you will, and you will never induce architects to approve of builders planning the houses they erect, or cotton-brokers to permit sugar-brokers to do business in cotton; and the whole body of shopkeepers array themselves against any one of their number who combines several businesses usually distinct. This may be very bad and silly, or it may be very necessary and salutary—one Adam Smith is generally deemed second only to the encyclopedic and dogmatic Roebuck in his knowledge of political economy, and he as well as Mill and a few other insignificant authorities is for division of labour,—but, whether the feeling is right or wrong, why expect artisans

to be exceptions to the whole human race? Why demand of them a liberality or latitudinarianism which traders and professional people would immediately denounce as insane? There is only one answer to these questions, and it is one not creditable to the capacity of the classes which at present rule, for dealing unassisted with the affairs of those below them.

We entirely agree with the *Times* that political economy can take care of itself—which is a very good thing, considering how badly the *Times* takes care of it. But we go further. We see no reason to doubt that social economy is quite as likely to take care of itself as political economy. The inference drawn by the *Times* from the evidence before the Commission is that "generations may fail to repair the moral and social consequences" of the economical errors of trades' unions "in the development of a tyrannical spirit and the destruction of kindly relations between employers and employed;" but no one would derive this impression from impartially reading the questions and answers, and we can only conclude that the *Times* either anticipates the evidence of the masters, or assimilates the evidence to its prejudices. The accusations brought against the unions are that they forbid piece-work and "chasing," and that they have black lists. Against these accusations, without at all prejudging the questions whether "chasing" or piece-work should or should not be permitted, and whether black lists are allowable interferences with the individual liberty of the labourer, we submit, as clearly developed by the evidence already given, the general advantages of the unions in preventing starvation prices and raising the character of the men and their workmanship. The former merit the *Times* would probably consider only another name for robbing the community, and the latter it pronounces "simply incredible;" but both are in evidence, and we should prefer, and are willing to wait for the judgment of the Commission. For the present we rest the defence of the unions, and even an apology for practices which the *Times* so positively condemns, on other grounds. We say each of those practices is retaliatory on the masters, or conflicts with arrangements of the masters, which the men deem it necessary to oppose, and of two of them the result is beneficial to society. Piece-work ought not, perhaps, to be prevented by artisan regulations, though one does not see why they should not have as strong a voice as the masters as to the terms on which they sell their labour. But the operation of piece-work is obviously to produce bad work as well as to grind the workmen. And, as we are so severe on the artisan *morale*, let us see what the men say of the manner in which piece-work is turned to dishonest account, and how little there is, at least in some operations of the system, to render it attractive to honourable workmen or useful to society. It is alleged in the evidence of the Bricklayers' Secretary, Mr. Coulson, that the works at the Foreign-Office are carried on upon what is called piece-work, but is not. "It is given out to the men by the man who is placed over them; that they have got this work as piece-work, and to make it appear to the men that they have piece-work, the privilege was given to those over them of paying them, and in paying them they paid whatever they chose according to their abilities. The inference generally drawn (and which is pretty correct) is that the foreman pockets the balance or bonus. Although there is the quantity of work done that is allowed by the firm, the quality is out of the question. Mr. —— would take this course; he wants to get as much work as he possibly can without its appearing that the work is let by him. The men work by the day. It is a swindle against the men and against the Government. The mischief to the Government is that they do not get value for the money that they pay; they do not get the proper quality in the work done. The way that the men are let off is that they do inefficient work." If our readers have followed this remarkable statement, they will now understand what a beautiful system it is that the masters claim the liberty to introduce. They like piece-work, because it enables them to let at a profit the work for which they contract; and when it comes to the lowest point of the scale, even the foreman makes £8 or £9 a week, in spite of the clerk of the works—who also is quieted by a percentage on the contract—by encouraging the workmen they pay by time to scamp their work. Such are some features of the system under which our artisans are expected to grow up ideal moralists and self-sacrificing economists! On the existence of masters' black lists it is not necessary to insist. Society not only knows of, but seems disposed to justify the exclusion from work by the employers of those who lead combinations against them, and while this is done it is puerile to suppose the men will not retaliate. But the subject of "chasing" is more difficult. "Chasing" is, in the code of certain of the trades' unions, the offence of working too fast; and we fully admit that this is an extraordinary, a

most doubtful prohibition. The *Times* says, "the strong man is forbidden to use his full strength for the benefit of himself and his family, lest he should raise the amount of work required of his weaker brethren." This at first seems both true in fact and just in its condemnatory tone; but we are bound to notice the evidence which charges upon the employers the responsibility of this evil. Be it observed that all the evidence contradicts the old opinion that the unions have a maximum as well as a minimum of wages. There is no such thing. But they allege that the masters do not care to give the exceptionally good workman a maximum so much as to use the rapidity of a swift one in order to overtask the strength of slower, but sometimes better artisans. It matters little to the masters whether they get much work out of a few men, or pay small wages to many; and what they do when they get hold of a particularly rapid man, is not to pay him large wages for his skill, but to give him a premium as a "bell-horse." "We find it," says one witness, "a rare thing in our society for men to receive anything for their extra skill and ability in building. If money is given to them beyond the ordinary rate of wages paid to men on the job, it is simply to induce a man to act in the capacity of what we term a bell-horse—that is to say, a man who will do as much work as he possibly can, irrespective of the quality. It is quantity now unfortunately in public buildings that is required, and not quality." Here, again, we find that the men have something more to say for themselves, and something very plausible to say against the masters. Undoubtedly a slight discount for exaggeration or prejudice might leave the matter very different in aspect, but at least we have the right to insist that all the arguments are not one way; that the circumstances which give rise to chasing are at least, *prima facie*, such as may lead to much petty tyranny; and that if the men are not angels, neither are the masters saints. In that position we are content to leave the matter for the present, assured that the one-sided attempts of the *Times* will not bias the judgment either of the Commissioners or of the public on a question which can only wholesomely be dealt with in a very different spirit.

MR. WASON'S BARRISTER.

WHATEVER may be Mr. Wason's cause of complaint against the Lord Chief Baron, one would think the commonest prudence might suggest that the utter failure of the charge in the House of Lords should be followed by a modest retirement. But Mr. Wason seems not to listen to the dictates of the commonest prudence. He has yet again thrust himself before the public. A short time ago he presented another petition, praying that the Parliamentary privilege of those who mentioned his name might be taken away from them, so far as his name was concerned. He now applies for a summons against the proprietors of the *Times*, to make them answer at the bar of a criminal court for the high crime and misdemeanour of publishing a report of those speeches in which his name was mentioned. It seems that, in taking this step, he acts under the advice of a gentleman described as his barrister. It seems, too, that Mr. Wason's barrister is right as to the law of the subject, though the wisdom of his advice may fairly be questioned. He, as well as Mr. Wason, must surely know that it would be impossible to find a jury in England to return a verdict of guilty in such a case, if any magistrate in England could be found to send such a case before a jury. And the result of such a trumped-up charge would inevitably be, that the proprietors of the *Times* would feel it their duty towards the rest of the press to discourage similar proceedings for the future by an action for malicious prosecution. If Mr. Wason wants to spite the Chief Baron by having to pay the costs of a prosecution, and being cast in exemplary damages in an action, the lawyers, and Mr. Wason's barrister at the head of them, cannot complain. But if Mr. Wason's family objects to his substance being swallowed up in fees, his infatuation might easily lead to such an inquiry as was held on the late Mr. W. F. Windham.

The worst part of this application to the alderman sitting at Guildhall is that it discloses a defect in the law of libel which has not been cured by the course of legislation. We recently discussed Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Bill for amending that law, and while questioning the policy of authorizing reports of all public meetings, we observed that the existing privilege of Parliament ought to extend to every report of its proceedings. We think our claim was well founded. If it is for the interest of the public that no restraint should be put on speeches in Parliament, and that all matters affecting

the public welfare should be brought before the great council of the nation, we may surely go on to argue that this publicity should not stop with the council, but that the nation itself should have the same power of judging. If this is not granted, the proceedings in Parliament must become virtually private. Yet in this case their importance as one of our constitutional safeguards is greatly diminished. It is of little use allowing a man to say what he likes if he is deprived of the chief engine for disseminating his words. It is a mockery to impose the duty of free speech on our members of Parliament, and to take away the corresponding privilege of free speech just when it receives its value. The reason why speeches in Parliament are privileged is, that the members are sent to the House of Commons as public representatives, and in whatever they say they are taken to be discharging a duty towards their constituents. But if the privilege ceases when once the constituents have the power of observing how this duty has been discharged, the character of public representatives is at an end, and we have the anomaly of public men charged with public functions which may only be performed in private. We do not dwell on the hardship to the newspapers, for that is a personal consideration. What we wish is to place the question on higher grounds, and to show that privilege is ineffectual unless it is thorough. We can quite understand the general distinction made between slander and libel, on the ground that spoken words are more excusable and less damaging than words which are written. We can even see that the state of mind into which a speaker at a public meeting is wrought by excitement, by applause or dissent, may justify reckless assertions, which the wildest of writers would not commit to paper. But supposing that we allow one kind of public meeting every latitude because it represents the people, we cannot consistently curb that latitude in the reports of the meeting. As the law now stands, any account of the proceedings in the Houses of Parliament may be published, and all actions against its publishers may be stayed, if only the account is a copy or an abstract of, or an extract from, a report printed under the authority or by the order of either of the Houses. With the help of this section of the 3 & 4 Vict. c. 9, the *Times* might have defied Mr. Wason and his barrister had it waited before publishing the report of the speeches, and taken them from Hansard. Yet surely the guilt of the *Times* in publishing a report then would have been no less than it is at present in the eyes of Mr. Wason. There might have been an appearance of malice in raking up the debate so long after it had taken place, just as there is in Mr. Wason's thirty years' truce with Sir Fitzroy Kelly. It would be easy to enact that where an authorized report of the proceedings of the House comes under the head of privilege, a correct report shall have the same protection.

We must not forget that the Act which we have just cited is a memento of a most serious struggle between the courts of law and the Houses of Parliament. The passage read by Sir John Musgrave at the Guildhall from "Russell on Crimes," to the effect that "the publication of a proceeding in Parliament will generally be held privileged," was based on a case the authority of which was questioned by Lord Ellenborough and Lord Denman. The action which was brought by a man named Stockdale against the Messrs. Hansard for a libel, contained in a paper printed at the order of the House of Commons, led to a thorough judicial investigation of the privileges of Parliament. The Court of Queen's Bench decided that it was no defence in law to an action for publishing a libel that the defamatory matter was part of a document which was by order of the House of Commons laid before the House, and which was by order of the House printed and published by the defendant. This was the judgment of the full court on a demurrer. The case went before a jury, and the plaintiff received substantial damages. The sheriff was ordered to seize Messrs. Hansard's goods, and to sell them in order to satisfy the judgment. The House of Commons interfered, and committed the sheriff. The Court of Queen's Bench made a rule absolute for an attachment against the sheriff, although he deposed that he was actually under confinement. Then it was thought right to put an end to the conflict by legislative enactment; and, the law having been declared by the three estates of the realm, the courts which had refused to accept the law from one of those estates were prompt to accept it from all of them. But though this Act gave either House the power of protecting its servants against the penalties of libel, it did not settle the further questions of privilege. Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Bill deals with these questions in a roundabout way, and we presume its intention is to set them at rest. Yet we are not so sure that future judges will accept a roundabout legislative solution where a clear one is needed. They will say that the object of

the present Bill is to protect reports of speeches by giving injured persons a means of redress against the speakers. But no means of redress are given against speakers in Parliament or in courts of justice or in any other public body entitled to privilege, for nothing in the Bill is to be "deemed or taken, held or continued, directly or indirectly, by interpretation or otherwise, to affect the privilege" of any of those bodies. Therefore, as the privilege is to be in no way affected, it cannot be extended. As the intention of the Bill is to take away certain responsibilities from the press, and transfer them to speakers at public meetings, the courts will hardly undertake to relieve the press of those responsibilities where they cannot be transferred to the speakers. And if so, this leaves the question as doubtful as ever. The judges may decide that the first section of the Bill extends to Parliamentary reports on the ground that Parliament is described by Mr. Bagehot as government by public meeting. But why must we make the judges responsible for the interpretation of a clumsy Act which might have been clear from the beginning? No doubt, we have a general confidence in judicial wisdom and liberality, and the common sense of both judges and juries has often corrected the strictness of the old law of libel. But if we try to make the new law of libel too lax we shall have those sympathies enlisted on the other side. If the present Libel Bill passes, and leads to bad effects, the first decision on the privilege of reporting privileged proceedings may come at a time when the evils of the former state of things are forgotten and existing evils are too severely felt. There will then be no difficulty in severing Sir Colman's remedies from his redress, and in deciding that, when the Legislature meant to shift responsibilities, it did not mean to throw them overboard.

Had Mr. Wason's application been granted, or had he brought a civil action against the *Times*, there might be more chance of some such clause being inserted in Sir Colman's Bill. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Wason's barrister may persevere, and may, by his unaided efforts, place the law on a better footing than has been secured for it by generations of judges and legislators. Silk will be a poor reward for such an achievement, and we are afraid even that reward is likely to be withheld by an ungrateful country. But Mr. Wason himself will have the proud consciousness that, in trying to remove a judge from the bench he has strengthened the hands of justice, and that in exercising his spite he has deprived future generations of the power of making a similar exhibition.

THE PAGANISM OF SWINBURNE.

THAT wonderful gift of assimilative and reproductive power, which distinguishes Mr. Swinburne among all our younger race of poets, is even with him limited by the character of his subject. In his "Song of Italy," for example, though his sympathy with Italian aspirations is deep and strong, we perceive at once that there is wanting that perfect comprehension with which he renders to us the spirit of classical art. The least critical readers of Mr. Swinburne's works must feel this, and after consideration will acknowledge, that to demand in the same mind a perfect representation of the two grand intellectual forms through which humanity has passed, would be to seek an impossibility. All art is Pagan or Christian. Not that the religious element necessarily intrudes itself on the domain of artistic pleasure; for, at all events, a mind eminently of the Christian character, like that of Rousseau, may reject vigorously the Christian creed. But, setting aside questions of mere theological belief, the distinction of which we speak is a sound one. The Pagan spirit is not polytheistic or Greek, though it reached its highest development in the Greek mind. It existed before civilization rose in Hellas, among the massive structures of Egyptian genius; it survived the downfall of classical art, the gloom of the dark ages, the transmutations of mediæval and modern thought. Mr. Swinburne is in our day its foremost representative, as were in the preceding generation Goethe and Heine, Landor and Keats. We do not accept this conclusion simply because the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" has shown himself a skilful imitator of the classical style, nor because he has written pretty Greek verses, nor because he has, in everything that he has written, exhibited a marked predilection in favour of the ancient, as opposed to the modern writers. The essence of Mr. Swinburne's Paganism lies deeper than this external Hellenism. It is, no doubt, unconsciously operative, but none the less plastic and powerful.

The Pagan spirit, as we understand it, is simply a delicate and refined animalism. Humanity, limited to this earth as its proper home, to the development of its own perfection as its proper sphere, becomes under Paganism self-sufficing and self-

contained. Here is its point of opposition to the modern or Christian spirit, to that transcendentalism which comes to us from the Semitic sources of our religion. Christianity is not to be limited by this world's growth; the present, though lying around us, is unreal, unstable, evanescent; in the future life alone can we hope to attain to reality, permanence, perfection. This antithesis between the Christian and Pagan ideals is quite irrespective of epoch or circumstance. We may discern it quite as clearly in Job and Homer, as in Wordsworth and Swinburne. Perhaps even more clearly,—for time and association may possibly trouble and confuse the pure sources of feeling. But in any shape we cannot miss the meaning of Paganism. In the Greeks, as we have said, it reached its height of beauty and grace; in the exquisite Dorian cult of Apollo and Artemis, the highest point possible of attainment by a religion purely physical, free from questionings or vague aspirations, was reached. As the Pagan ideal was imperfect before it reached this culmination in the Athenian art and poetry of Pericles' unrivalled rule, so it soon became corrupt and declined. In Sophocles, better than in Homer and Euripides, we have Paganism at its best. And here, above all, we see that utter lack of hope beyond the grave, which the modern mind can so hardly understand. In Homer's Achilles, the type of highest perfection to the Greek, the favourite of the gods, we have the expression of this seemingly hopeless creed. In the shadowy glory of Elysium, he has but this thought—

*βούλομην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐών θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ,
ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσται καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάστειν.*

Yet with all this hopelessness, the necessity of manly growth of mental and physical completeness, perfectly exercising the human faculties, produced in the Greek what Winckelmann has called *Heiter-Keit*, a blitheness of spirit, entirely opposed to the morbid introspective character of Christian civilization. Here it is that Mr. Swinburne falls short of the classical ideal. Without ceasing to be Pagan, he ceases to be Greek. In his poetry there is no trace of a faith in a life to be completed and perfected outside the circle of mortality; there is none of the ascetic feeling which, in one shape or other, pervades the great mass of literature since Dante—the feeling which promises to those who have suffered in this life an after-compensation; there is no prominence given to the disinterested over the self-regarding emotions. So far Mr. Swinburne is Pagan; so far he crudely embodies the mocking sensualism of the Anti-Christian period. But of blitheness, of cheerful acquiescence in the inevitable he has none. The Greek, despising the rude power of adverse fate, could defy it and be happy in a sense of integrity under it; at least he believed in the lowest of misery, in the ultimate triumph of the right. Mr. Swinburne has no such faith. He recognises the irresistible force of destiny, but chafes unavailingly under the yoke of adamant. Around him he sees nothing but darkness for himself and for others. In his grand but gloomy ode to Victor Hugo, he professes his creed plainly. He does not hope with his master, "from the clenched hands of Fate remission of the world's old wrong."

"Respite we ask not, nor release;
Freedom a man may have, he may not peace."

Through every line that he has written, this morbid unrest thrills. It is in vain for him to linger with loving memory over the buried Past; to call back its frank humanism and keen sense of pleasure. But with the yearnings and painful impatience of Mr. Swinburne, the free fearless Greek life would be absolutely incompatible.

This defect of cheerfulness, repose, and endurance leads, to glance briefly from Mr. Swinburne, to other moderns in whom the classical spirit has been powerful. In the creed of the poet of Atalanta we find all the hopelessness of Paganism, with much of the uneasy wrestling of spirit which characterizes every form of Christianity. A combination so strange, and for the individual so unhappy, if indeed on the whole fortunate for the artist, irresistibly suggests the parallel of Keats. The poet of Endymion—even more the poet of Hyperion—though he only had knowledge of his intellectual Paradise through the dull horn gate of Lemprière's dictionary, was, in a far higher degree than Mr. Swinburne, a Greek at heart. Yet he, too, whether through physical misfortune or mental insufficiency, was lacking in blitheness and calm. In him, as in Mr. Swinburne, a delight in natural inanimate beauty, such as the Greeks seem never to have felt, was prone to degenerate into a rank luxury of description and sentimental fallacy from which the balanced and disciplined Hellenic mind would have certainly recoiled. In Schiller again, as in Keats and Swinburne, the regretful looking back upon the classical mythology, and the quietude of

Paganism is strong. His famous poem, "Die Götter Griechenlands," is an embodiment of the same aspirations which so frequently find expression in Keats, and especially in Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine." But Schiller, like the two English poets, had not wholly escaped the taint of Romanticism; his best productions fall short of that robust purity which distinguishes Greek art in form. In the whole range of modern literature there are but two names that we can justly pronounce worthy the praise of having reproduced with success, in spirit and shape, the classical ideas. Most unlike in every other attribute of their character and genius, Goethe and Landor alone truly represented to the modern world the breadth, contentment, and serenity of Paganism in its best form. To both Mr. Swinburne, if we are not mistaken, is largely indebted; and, having regard to the faults which are conspicuous in his poetry, we hope that he will continue to derive further lessons from the same sources. Nothing good can come of an intellectual state which takes all the evil and rejects all the good of Paganism. The fatalism of the King Oedipus becomes merely repulsive when disjoined from the bright courage which relieves the darkness of Sophocles' picture. This has been a very painful defect in Mr. Swinburne's writings. He cannot remedy it better than by a careful assimilation of the higher characteristics of the Greek mind. With increasing years and enlarged experience, the morbid feelings which now blot his pages may be eradicated, and England may be as proud of his genius, Pagan though it be, as Germany is of Goethe's.

CATENÆ OF AUTHORITIES.

IT has always been a favourite resource of theologians, at any rate since the time of the Reformation, to summon to their defence long muster-rolls of authorities who are supposed to agree with them in the opinions they maintain. Philosophy, on the other hand, from the nature of the case, has been carried on much more in the way of a free fight, though Sir W. Hamilton affords a conspicuous example of the practice of forcing conviction into the heart of an enemy by the mere numbers of the invading host. Such tactics are so eminently adapted to writers in whom erudition is the prominent feature, that they are never likely to be very popular, and the prevalent taste is setting more and more against their use. But the real extent and nature of the objections to such appeals to authority being, in our apprehension, very imperfectly understood, it will be worth while to examine the question with some minuteness.

The common reply, on finding one's path blocked up by a huge barricade of the opinions of learned men, is that these opinions are mostly found to be very little to the point when we come to look at them closely. Few of the bygone writers, who are thus appealed to, delivered their statements dogmatically, and when they did it was upon some definite and special issue; in which latter case, of course, many conditions were existing which ought to be kept in mind before their authority can be fairly appealed to as favourable. There are hardly any questions which have been presented in the same terms to successive ages, so that we need do nothing more than string together on separate lines the men who have said "yes" and those who have said "no." Every controversy has its individualizing marks which were present to those who came to any decision upon it, and when we neglect these marks we cannot assert more than a vague and general agreement upon the points at issue. All this is very true; but we are prepared to go much further, and to say that it entirely depends upon the nature of the controversy whether or not past thinkers can be considered to have in any way contemplated the same questions which present themselves to us at the present day. A few examples will serve to make our meaning plain. Suppose that it were asked what was the opinion of Plato or Aristotle upon the value of mathematics as a mental discipline. Their judgment would probably be plain enough; and why? Because they meant exactly the same thing by mathematics that we mean now. We have added enormously to the contents of the science, it is true, but we have not essentially altered its characteristics. So upon most questions of fact about external nature. If it were asked whether animals think, or whether the planets are inhabited, we need never be much in doubt as to the question in dispute being the same at one time or another. And if the opinions of thinkers in successive ages upon these points are worth being strung together we can easily collect them for the purpose.

But when we attempt to perform the same process upon philosophical questions, more properly so called, we find ourselves confronted by a series of most formidable difficulties.

The growth of philosophy consists partly in the introduction of distinctions between things which had previously been regarded as identical, or necessarily conjoined. A distinction of this kind, when once adopted, makes it impossible to appeal to the direct statements of any former thinkers who had not contemplated the same distinction. We may guess at the opinions of others by analogy in such cases, and try to form some judgment as to what they would have thought had they lived now, but we cannot say dogmatically what they did think. If we attempt to appeal to the authority of a man who does not recognise a distinction adopted by ourselves, it will generally depend entirely upon the way in which we frame our question whether he is to be considered as for or against us. There is a good illustration of this in the dispute between the advocates and opponents of Bishop Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter. Both parties appeal with equal confidence to the opinions of ordinary men as being conclusively in their favour. Bishop Berkeley asserts most strenuously and repeatedly that he sides with the vulgar in opposition to the subtleties which the misguided ingenuity of philosophers has introduced. His opponents, on the other hand, constantly declare that the Bishop's theory is one of those vagaries of a dreamer which are indignantly repudiated by the verdict of common sense. Now into the truth or falsity of the theory of Berkeley we have no intention of entering, but how are we to account for the strange spectacle of two disputants thus clamorously appealing to the authority of a bystander, and each asserting that it is given in his favour? Simply, we apprehend, because the controversy turns in part upon a distinction which the common man has not grasped, and if you will insist upon his saying "yes" or "no" to your questions, it will depend entirely upon how you frame them what answer he will give. For example, there is a tree before us; this tree in common language we should be said to see and feel. Philosophers commonly draw a distinction, not dreamed of by common persons, between our subjective sensations and the objective cause of them. Armed with this distinction, the Berkeleyan and his opponent, in the midst of their dispute, hail a passing labourer. The former calls out to him—"Come, now, is it your belief that *besides* the tree which you see and feel there is a phantom tree existing which you cannot see and feel?" "Oh, dear, no," replies the man, for he thinks he should thus be committing himself to the existence of two trees. The other makes him kick his boot against the trunk, and then says—"There, now, do you mean that there is nothing more in existence than the feeling in your toe whenever you thus kick out?" The man replies that, of course, he does think there is something more, for otherwise he would appear to be denying that there was any tree at all before him. We may safely leave it to any one who has a fancy to try the experiment thus to appeal to the verdict of the "common man;" he will find that it depends entirely upon the way in which he frames the question whether the answer which he obtains will, when properly interpreted, be Berkeleyan or anti-Berkeleyan. Some will say that the common man means one thing, others that he means the opposite. We should say that, strictly speaking, he does not "mean" either one thing or the other, for the question really at issue is not before his mind.

Now every philosopher, whatever may be his acuteness, is in reference to distinctions introduced subsequent to the time at which he lived, in a position somewhat resembling that of such a rustic as we have above mentioned. The question did not present itself to him as it now presents itself to us. If, therefore, we will insist upon having a categorical reply whether he did or did not hold a certain doctrine, it will very much depend upon the passages we select what sort of answer we receive. We cannot find an answer to the precise question which is raised; we are therefore obliged to content ourselves with answers to questions as nearly like it as we can. But this of course lets in the ambiguity already described. One inquirer will put one question, another will put a different question, and finding answers which would in the present state of the controversy be regarded as contradictory, they may both with some justice claim the authority in question as being favourable to themselves. Take an instance from one of the greatest names in ancient philosophy. Sir W. Hamilton assures us that Aristotle has been claimed at different times by different persons as being a Realist, a Nominalist, and a Conceptualist, in the strictest sense of the terms. He probably was not any one of the three, because the distinctions adopted in the Middle Ages or in modern times were not present to him. We may try to put ourselves in his place, and starting from his premises, decide to which conclusion they would now lead us; but we ought to remember that it is one thing to decide what opinions a man once held, and another to ascertain into what form those opinions would probably now be developed.

Again, in the progress of speculation generalizations are constantly being introduced as well as distinctions. These also produce in many cases the same effect of precluding all rational appeal to past writers and thinkers. Take, for instance, the law of causation in the current scientific sense of the term. Almost every one has now come to the conclusion that in the physical world at any rate, whatever may be the case in the moral, events succeed one another in an invariable unconditional order. In reference to limited classes of phenomena this truth must have been admitted by observers in almost every age; what is characteristic of the present time is the universality now attributed to the doctrine. Multitudes of events which were once supposed to happen at random are now known to be reducible to strict laws, and most scientific men fully believe that the same reduction will be sooner or later effected in all the remaining cases. Now what is the bearing of such a generalization upon any of the doctrines with which it may happen to come in contact? Take, for instance, that of miracles. We may see, perhaps, the judgment of some ancient philosopher appealed to in their favour, or against them, as the case may be. He might be the acutest man of his time, and it may be both interesting and important to know his opinion; but as regards the real value of his authority, it would be just as useful to appeal to the judgment of the common man on the question of the existence of matter. The same word, miracle, may be used in successive ages, but it means entirely different things to successive thinkers.

The above principles might be worked out to many different consequences, but we have only space to indicate some of them very briefly. We should conclude that the problem of ascertaining what were the opinions of thinkers in remote times is very far from being the simple matter which it is often assumed to be. It demands powers very similar to those which make a great dramatist or novelist. One ought, for this purpose, to be able to divest oneself of all modern philosophical associations and prepossessions, and try to realize, by a powerful exercise of the imagination, what were the thoughts and reasonings of the thinkers in question. The historian has a somewhat similar task to perform, but one which is much less difficult, for the beliefs of bygone ages are far more hard to realize than their actions or customs. The man who would reconstruct an extinct philosophy must be prepared to do much more than recognise the existence of beliefs which he does not himself entertain; he will have also to deduce other beliefs from them by logical processes which, with the distinctions and generalizations of the present day, would be regarded as inconsequent or actually erroneous. We read in histories of philosophy that Thales considered water to be the origin of all things; and many persons seem to think that when they have said this, they have told us plainly what his scheme was. Whether it would be possible, with the records which have come down to us, to know what the philosophy of Thales really was is very doubtful; but if it could be done, it would only be by an extremely prolonged effort of thought and imagination. Part of this would be devoted to the difficult task of getting rid of present associations and convictions, and part to the equally difficult task of forming those which we may conclude to have been in the minds of men of primitive times. Only by such an effort should we be able to piece together the fragments which have survived into the coherent whole which we may assume them to have appeared to be to their author. It will readily be inferred from this that the process of developing ancient systems, and thus deducing from some of the expressed opinions of a philosopher what doctrines he would have held upon points on which he has not expressed himself, is extremely untrustworthy. Because a consequence seems simple and certain to us at the present time, it does not at all follow that it would always have seemed so; it is quite possible that, at one time, almost every one would have rejected it. But nothing is more common than such a development. For instance, during the controversy excited by the "Essays and Reviews," attempts were constantly made to claim the authority of the Reformers, or of the theological writers of the seventeenth century, on one side or the other. If Baxter was found to have said anything that would now be a sign of broad views upon the inspiration of Scripture, it was hastily inferred that he would not have rejected such views had they been set before him; whereas the truth is, that besides the modification so often introduced into a man's views, by his discovering to what consequences they lead, it is far from certain that those consequences would have been deduced two centuries ago because they would now. For the same reasons, the practice often adopted, and especially by Sir W. Hamilton, of arranging and classifying the doctrines held on some point by various previous thinkers, becomes of very doubtful propriety. We may some-

times see a most ingenious scheme of divisions and subdivisions, drawn up, of course, in accordance with the philosophical views of the compiler, who then proceeds to distribute his predecessors amongst his different partitions. But would the thinkers thus classified have accepted the arrangement? Not a bit of it. Had such an arrangement been presented to them, many of them would have rejected it; and perhaps none of them had ever contemplated it. What is really done is to take premises founded upon one set of philosophical doctrines, and draw conclusions from them by processes of reasoning founded upon another set. In other words, what are generally classified in such cases are former systems as explained and developed by a modern thinker, not as they were understood by their authors. To appeal to them thus as authorities is entirely futile.

EDUCATIONAL QUACKS.

At the present day we have quacks of every kind, order, and degree—the quack religious, the quack political, the quack commercial, the quack medical, and last, but not least, the quack educational. Whatever may be the advantages which society in general has reaped from the elaborate and complex system of examinations at present in vogue, something is to be said on the other side of the question as well. But it is not with their practical utility that we are at present concerned. There are certain evils inseparable from every stage of social progress, and it is not to be expected that an age of high educational pressure like the present should be exempt from its own peculiar drawbacks. Examinations having of late years increased and multiplied to so formidable or to so beneficial an extent, it is natural that instructors of ingenuous youth, even advocating some special system of training, should have developed themselves in a similar ratio of rapidity. Tutors, professors, and teachers glorying in every possible variation of educational nomenclature have sprung up in a thousand places in which we should least have thought of looking for them. As might have been expected, one of the results of this change is that popular instruction is of a standard uniformity much higher than in the times of patronage and private monopoly. It is possible, too, to give one's son an admirable course of mental discipline for one tithe of the sum for which these commodities were purchaseable a generation back. A spirit of increased and conscientious earnestness has been generated amongst schoolmasters. Dignity has been added to the profession itself; and, fired by the example of such teachers as Arnold, Cotton, and Temple, there has been found a host of men of the highest powers, the highest learning, the highest qualifications of every kind, willing to devote themselves to the task of labouring zealously and effectively in schools, colleges, and elsewhere. This, however, is not all.

Wherever there is sound efficiency there is sure also to be a corresponding quantity of shallow pretence. An age of virtue is also an age of hypocrisy. If at the present day there is to be met with an unusual allowance of valuable painstaking instructors, there exists also a plentiful crop of illiterate impostors and of educational quacks. Ignorance is the essence of quackery of whatever kind it may be. The advertisement sheets of the newspapers sufficiently reveal to us the fact of the existence of these gentlemen. Thus, we read of one scholastic adventurer who is in possession of "a method by which success is insured even to the most backward and stupid pupil." Another informs us that he has some magical system by which he can reveal to his learner all the arcana of "classical literature, philosophy, and history in so many terms, at such-and-such a charge per term." A third tells us that he "has never failed in a single instance;" a fourth "has been accustomed to read the highest subjects with pupils in all cases with marked success." We might cite a string of such advertisements, slightly differing, perhaps, in the language in which they are couched, but all pointing to the same lofty traits in the advertiser—profundity of intellect and surpassing modesty in the pecuniary estimate which he forms of his own services. Take this advertisement, which is literally copied:—"Indian Civil Service, the Line.—A Clergyman of great experience has two vacancies. He guarantees that every pupil under his tuition will pass the above with credit." There is an extravagance of pretension in the "guarantee" which is offered, suicidal, we should imagine, to itself; it would be as reasonable to talk of guaranteeing to put a certain amount of brains, after a given period, into an empty head. A hard examination cannot be passed by an egregious numskull, and, unfortunately, there are some lads who remain egregious numskulls to the end of the chapter. Here is another announcement, transferred with the same

precision:—"Preparation for any Profession—the Church, the Bar, the Army, the Civil Service.—A prosperous career is virtually insured to all the advertiser's pupils. Hundreds of former pupils can be referred to, who have since been successful in every walk in life." After being made acquainted with the existence of such an institution, sympathy with unsuccessful men is obviously misplaced. There is, it is true, a certain prudent ambiguity about the expression, "virtually insured;" but what of that? Parents have but to place their sons under the judicious superintendence of the Rev. —, and in a twinkling they will learn the secret of success in life, the intricacies of that subterranean passage to prosperity popularly supposed to be reserved for royalty. The water of beauty of fairy tales is really nothing to it.

What in the majority of cases are the qualifications of which this educational pretender can boast? Merely the most superficial smattering of the subjects in which he professes to instruct. Nothing of general reading—nothing of practical ability. He has taken up education simply because he has been told it "pays," and he proceeds much upon the belief that if he can manage to do what the suddenly-created Sanskrit professor in the story described as alone essential to educational success—"keep a lesson ahead of his pupil"—all is right. That a great number of really excellent tutors do advertise we, of course, know perfectly well; but they do not advertise in these terms, or pretend to any superhuman skill in pushing stupid pupils through difficult examinations. What we are animadverting upon are the sensational paragraphs of pseudo-schoolmasters and doxosophists, by which no insignificant portion of trusting and thrifty-minded parents happens to be every day beguiled—a fact which sooner or later they find to their cost.

Education having become in the present day so much a matter of commercial speculation, it follows that there are various grades of educational honesty—from that of the thorough-going adventurer to the standard observed by those who only practise the recognised stratagems of their trade. Thus, as the consequence of the multitudinous examinations of the period, most notably of that for the Indian Civil Service, there has sprung up a class of practitioners calling themselves "crammers," who, while having neither the will nor the power to administer much instruction actively themselves, are in the habit of engaging a staff of tutors, some efficient, some inefficient, for the instruction of those whom it is their business to superintend, economy being the ruling passion of the proprietor. At the greater number of these establishments idleness is the order of the day, till within a short space of the coming trial. The pupil runs riot, and the crammer discreetly closes his eyes. No questions are asked, unless some unusually flagrant enormity has been perpetrated. A number of lads are grouped together, and no moral or mental surveillance of any kind is exercised over them. If they like to work, they work. If they prefer—as in the majority of cases is natural—to be idle, there is nothing to prevent an indulgence in their fancy. What comes of all this it is not difficult to foresee. A species of rowdyism and blackguardism is produced, second only to that displayed by the medical student. It is only a month or so since that we might have looked no further than to newspaper reports of the police-cases for a proof of the kind of training prevalent at Civil Service halls. Just as the coming examination begins to cast its first shadows over candidates and tutors, a period of desperate "cramming" ensues. In some cases it succeeds, in others it fails, according as the receptive powers of the victim operated upon may be great or small. But whatever the nature of his abilities may be, has any real good been done? Even if the candidate manages to stuff himself with a sufficient supply of information to satisfy the examiner, has not the real end of all examination been frustrated? Will he retain what he has committed to memory under such pressure? Yet this practically is the method of instruction which the majority of "crammers" for the Civil Service and other examinations advocate by their practice, and extol in their advertisements, as "eminently successful." In addition to all this, these gentlemen endeavour to surround their peculiar system with a certain air of mystery, each laying claim to have discovered some sure and certain process by which the needful quantity of Greek, Latin, English, or any other subject that is required, can be forced down the learner's throat in the shortest given time; and thus we have data enough to form no unfair notion of the educational quack. Unscrupulous in other respects, it is not to be expected that he should be particularly scrupulous in the letter of his advertisements. He sees nothing wrong in representing by a liberal stretch of language both the youth who has submitted to his treatment for so considerable a period as a quarter,

and the youth who, after the experience of a week or so, retires dispirited with the shallow artifices of his system, should both of these have been fortunate enough to pass, as "almost wholly educated at this establishment." In truth there is as much virtue in this *almost* as in Touchstone's *if*. It is needless to recount all the various tricks and devices to which these speculators in the educational market resort. That they should prosper and flourish is due to the easy confidence and indolence of parents and guardians. The only thing that seems surprising is that while the advertised pretensions of such men as Dr. Hunter and his tribe are laughed at by all sensible people, there should be found so large a number of intelligent parents who are willing to accord a ready credence to the sensational announcements of quack and spurious instructors.

PUBLICAN RELIGION.

WE have long been familiar with two forms of religion and religious worship—Public Religion, and what we may call Republican Religion, of which private and individual worship is the distinguishing feature; but the Dean of Carlisle introduces us, by means of "a conference held in London," to a third kind of religion, which we have called Publican Religion. The Dean says, he "had been shocked to find that some of the spirit-dealers, in order to attract people to drink, brought choirs into their places, who sang the Hundredth Psalm and religious chants." This seems an odd way of attracting the ungodly, but the persons who resort to such establishments are perhaps of honest Master Slender's mind, "I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves;" a sentiment which the Welsh parson highly approves, "So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind." But Dean Close appears to be of a different opinion. A popular preacher is reported to have said that "he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes:" that personage appears not to see why the Church should have all the religious tunes. Indeed, this infringement of an established monopoly seems to move the Dean's wrath more than even drunkenness itself. He cannot accept as a mark of a lingering conscience, steeped in gin till it has become nervously superstitious, this extraordinary procedure; nor can he admit it as an instalment of the tribute which is proverbially paid to virtue by her enemy. Most people, we should imagine, would prefer to put far away all thought of religion when they were violating its precepts in so outrageous a manner—for we may not suppose that these people are not drunkards, but moderate drinkers; but the Dean is evidently afraid that what we should have supposed only calculated to drive away these sinners (can the publicans themselves have this pious intention?)—it would seem just possible from other portions of the Dean's speech) should prove an attraction; and that since they can get religion and gin together, they should not care to visit the churches where they can only be supplied with one of these stimulants. But we think we can suggest an explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon of Bacchanals chanting the Hundredth Psalm. The Dean supplies the ground of our suggestion in another extraordinary fact:—"Statistics showed that of the prisoners in the gaols three-fourths had been in Sunday-schools. How did they get there? Nine out of ten by the road of liquor." This fact does not suggest to the Dean any doubt as to the efficiency of the Sunday-schools where these criminals were educated, but only serves to illustrate to his mind the exceedingly subtle influence of gin. And he does not in the least supply the link in the chain of causes which would connect the Sunday-school with the gin-shop. We venture to supply this link, and we find it in the fact that the publicans of whom he tells us have taken up a religious worship of their own. So that the Dean contrives to give the Sunday scholars a sort of taste for Psalm tunes, which the publican (or rather, as Dean Close would say, the devil) makes use of in order to engraft upon it a taste for gin. How it is that the one does not exclude the other Dean Close does not affect to explain, and we imagine it would rather task his philosophy to do so; but we may suggest that a religious training which is only skin-deep can scarcely produce permanent results in any way but in engendering a superstition which is as likely to recoil upon its victim in the form of extreme vice as to scare him from sins which he has not learnt to hate, but only to fear.

The frightful evils of drunkenness are admitted on all hands, and the Dean and his friends by no means have a monopoly of the horror of this vice which they are so fond of parading. It is not in admitting the magnitude of the evil that we fall behind

the Dean, but we cannot go with him in the remedy he proposes. He says truly of his scheme that "it would produce a result in the country that would astonish their friends"—very unpleasantly, we fear. This scheme, as he expounds it, is simply "that not a drop, not only of spirits, but intoxicating drinks of any kind, should be sold on the Lord's-day." After this we should have no further question whether, as he phrases it, "the brake was put on strong enough." But it is strange if, as he says, there is "a singular unanimity amongst persons of all ranks and classes, and amongst the victuallers and spirit-sellers themselves, as to the mischievous nature of the traffic on Sundays," that any brake should be needed. If there is so great a unanimity amongst buyers and sellers, what prevents the former from shutting up their shops or the latter from deserting them. The Dean sees this, for he adds, "There being such a wonderful harmony upon the question, the wonder was that it was not stopped at once." He then reverts from present affairs, with their confused contradictions, to past history, and tells us that "every country under heaven" has been obliged to restrain drinking by special laws. Whether his history is better or worse than his arguments we do not care to inquire, since he does not tell us whether the laws have ever done any good. The chaplain of Durham Gaol considers that "half of the crime of the country is committed between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning; and in these cases almost every offence is directly or indirectly connected with public-houses and beershops." The evidence of this no doubt worthy gentleman is slightly vague, and hardly proves what he supposes, even if it is admitted to be correct. The Dean, who is great in statistics, remarks that "in Edinburgh, just before the passing of the Forbes Mackenzie Act, it was found that more than 40,000 visits to public-houses took place every Lord's-day, and by far the greater portion of these were by servants and children." We should have thought this class might have been kept out of the way of mischief by their more sober masters and parents. And if we are to accept the generalization of the Durham chaplain, we must conclude nearly half of the crime of Edinburgh to have been perpetrated by servants and children. The Dean discreetly says nothing of what took place after this elaborate washing of the outside of the cup and the platter. If a good many "ifs" were disposed of, he thinks a petition "with a million of signatures" might be presented, and the beer and spirit shops, "the smell of which poisoned him as he went by," might be shut, and the publicans might abandon their bastard religion and come to church.

There is little necessity for us to urge, what has been often insisted upon, that the remedy is not to close public-houses entirely, but to close them so that, while no honest, hard-working man need be put to inconvenience, drunkenness may be checked. But no! the Dean will not hear of such a thing, and he gives an odd reason, if it is true,—that people who would go to church would not go to a public-house even if it were open. How so large a proportion of Sunday-school children, with their chants and psalms, ever got there is, on this supposition, a mystery. But the world abounds in mysteries, and the Dean of Carlisle's world is full of nothing else. Otherwise we might have suggested that if church-going people would, on no account, enter a public-house on a Sunday, they may perhaps forget themselves so far as to send for the beer for their Sunday dinner; and we have a strong suspicion that the number of servants and children in his Edinburgh statistics was, to say the least, largely increased by this practice. It is a pity the place does not smell so offensive to them as to the Dean, for then they would not be led into worse contact with the evil. It would, no doubt, be very desirable, if it were possible, to forbid during the greater part of Sunday all sale of intoxicating drinks to be drunk upon the premises, except to *bonâ-fide* travellers; but such a scheme appears almost impracticable, nor is it clear that it would be wise to forbid resort even to the beer-shop while the dwellings of the poor are in so intolerable a condition as at present. The Dean quotes some select statistics of the sums spent in drink by children between ten and fifteen years of age; he estimates that in certain townships near Manchester, from seven-pence to fourteen-pence, on an average, is spent every Sunday by each individual between these ages. Adulterated as our beer is proved to be, so great a quantity must produce very mischievous effects besides the intoxication; this is an evil which the Dean might think it wrong to remove. We may remark that most of the Dean's statistics concern children. Are the adults more sober? Our own conclusion upon the matter is, that restrictive measures of any kind will hardly touch the evil; that prohibitive measures will simply intensify it; and that the true remedy is to be found in education, better dwellings, and more earnest care for the physical and moral conditions of the daily life of the poor.

IRISH SOCIETY.

THE estrangement still existing in Ireland between the Protestant and the Catholic communities is an evil unhappy in itself, and most injurious in all its results. Between the members of the two religions there is not enough of that social intercourse so essential to mutual friendship and esteem. Ireland is the last country in the world that should present the anomaly of two separate and distinct circles of society coexisting in the same social stratum. And yet such unfortunately is the case; each creed forms to itself a society, and recruits its ranks almost exclusively from its own members. The stranger who has spent any time in the sister island, while he gratefully acknowledges the hospitality that he has received from either of the classes with which he has been cast, at the same time never fails to observe that, in our English acceptation of the word, there is no society in Ireland. This is too correct,—it is impossible that it could be otherwise; for what would, if united, form a social circle fully equal to that of any other people, leaves the country, divided as it is, without a society in anything but name. True, it may be said that in some of the chief towns there is a friendly intercourse between the respective parties, but at best it is a slight intermixture confined to a few of the large cities. It is by no means the fusion that is indispensable to social unity. In the rural, and especially the urban parts, it will not be denied that society is, as we have drawn it, disunited; though it is in these places, owing to the paucity of the upper classes, that union is most requisite. So far the estrangement between the upper classes confines itself to the detriment of the social system. But like all evils it has its injurious effects. The split is not confined to the respectability and intelligence of the country alone; with increasing width and distinctness it runs downward through the several classes, and terminates only at the lowest stratum of bigotry and intolerance. The middle and lower classes follow the example set them by their superiors, and accordingly divide themselves into separate parties distinguished by their respective religions, and the evil enlarging as it descends, grows in itself and in its baneful effects, till, what at the top appeared as a mutual estrangement, at the bottom displays itself in all the bitterness of religious animosity. In every country where the population has been similarly divided, the effects invariably have been scenes of civil discord and acts of lawless violence and bloodshed, and, of necessity, society convulsed, law and order set at defiance, and political amelioration paralyzed.

Ireland, towards the close of the nineteenth century, presents this painful spectacle of factious discord—nor in her case are the effects less visible or pernicious. Orangeism, rampant and ribald, holds complete possession over the minds of Protestant ignorance and bigotry, and by the tempting prospects of partisan popularity, fails not to enlist men of intelligence and education as its avowed leaders. On the other side, under the inclusive name of Ultramontanism, are arrayed the several "isms"—Fenianism, Ribbonism, and the rest,—that return with interest the defiant hatred of Protestant ascendancy. It is here that the effects of this unhappy division in the same population become painfully apparent, for it cannot escape the close observer that the disaffection of Ireland, whatever may be its ostensible grievances, has at bottom the object of resenting the intolerance of the Protestant minority; just in the same way as Orangeism vaunts its officious loyalty in order to provoke the Catholic party. It is not within the scope of our subject to enter on the numerous injuries that so unfortunate a state of affairs must bring on the country at large. We have shown the estrangement that exists between the upper classes of Catholics and Protestants to be unhappy in itself by its being detrimental to the best interests of social society, and its effects to be most injurious, by fostering among the unenlightened, bitter animosities. Neither is it our intention to dwell on the causes that have produced this evil. It may, in a word, be said, that years of cruel oppression had produced no other result than to make the conquerors and their descendants odious in the eyes of the conquered; that after the penal laws were abrogated this sense of hatred subsided into feelings of mutual dislike, and that even after the abolition of religious disabilities and the removal of all causes of offence, except the Established Church, among the enlightened and educated classes there survives to this day a deplorable feeling of coolness. The cure for this evil is obvious; every honest and sincere Irishman admits the urgent necessity for a cordial union between the now divided classes. We believe it will be further admitted that this union must begin with the upper classes. It is to them that the middle and lower orders naturally look for an example, and when it is once set them, they are sure, slowly it may be, but eventually, to follow it. It

precision :—"Preparation for any Profession—the Church, the Bar, the Army, the Civil Service.—A prosperous career is virtually insured to all the advertiser's pupils. Hundreds of former pupils can be referred to, who have since been successful in every walk in life." After being made acquainted with the existence of such an institution, sympathy with unsuccessful men is obviously misplaced. There is, it is true, a certain prudent ambiguity about the expression, "virtually insured;" but what of that? Parents have but to place their sons under the judicious superintendence of the Rev. —, and in a twinkling they will learn the secret of success in life, the intricacies of that subterranean passage to prosperity popularly supposed to be reserved for royalty. The water of beauty of fairy tales is really nothing to it.

What in the majority of cases are the qualifications of which this educational pretender can boast? Merely the most superficial smattering of the subjects in which he professes to instruct. Nothing of general reading—nothing of practical ability. He has taken up education simply because he has been told it "pays," and he proceeds much upon the belief that if he can manage to do what the suddenly-created Sanskrit professor in the story described as alone essential to educational success—"keep a lesson ahead of his pupil"—all is right. That a great number of really excellent tutors do advertise we, of course, know perfectly well; but they do not advertise in these terms, or pretend to any superhuman skill in pushing stupid pupils through difficult examinations. What we are animadverting upon are the sensational paragraphs of pseudo-schoolmasters and doxosophists, by which no insignificant portion of trusting and thrifty-minded parents happens to be every day beguiled—a fact which sooner or later they find to their cost.

Education having become in the present day so much a matter of commercial speculation, it follows that there are various grades of educational honesty—from that of the thorough-going adventurer to the standard observed by those who only practise the recognised stratagems of their trade. Thus, as the consequence of the multitudinous examinations of the period, most notably of that for the Indian Civil Service, there has sprung up a class of practitioners calling themselves "crammers," who, while having neither the will nor the power to administer much instruction actively themselves, are in the habit of engaging a staff of tutors, some efficient, some inefficient, for the instruction of those whom it is their business to superintend, economy being the ruling passion of the proprietor. At the greater number of these establishments idleness is the order of the day, till within a short space of the coming trial. The pupil runs riot, and the crammer discreetly closes his eyes. No questions are asked, unless some unusually flagrant enormity has been perpetrated. A number of lads are grouped together, and no moral or mental surveillance of any kind is exercised over them. If they like to work, they work. If they prefer—as in the majority of cases is natural—to be idle, there is nothing to prevent an indulgence in their fancy. What comes of all this it is not difficult to foresee. A species of rowdyism and blackguardism is produced, second only to that displayed by the medical student. It is only a month or so since that we might have looked no further than to newspaper reports of the police-cases for a proof of the kind of training prevalent at Civil Service halls. Just as the coming examination begins to cast its first shadows over candidates and tutors, a period of desperate "cramming" ensues. In some cases it succeeds, in others it fails, according as the receptive powers of the victim operated upon may be great or small. But whatever the nature of his abilities may be, has any real good been done? Even if the candidate manages to stuff himself with a sufficient supply of information to satisfy the examiner, has not the real end of all examination been frustrated? Will he retain what he has committed to memory under such pressure? Yet this practically is the method of instruction which the majority of "crammers" for the Civil Service and other examinations advocate by their practice, and extol in their advertisements, as "eminently successful." In addition to all this, these gentlemen endeavour to surround their peculiar system with a certain air of mystery, each laying claim to have discovered some sure and certain process by which the needful quantity of Greek, Latin, English, or any other subject that is required, can be forced down the learner's throat in the shortest given time; and thus we have data enough to form no unfair notion of the educational quack. Unscrupulous in other respects, it is not to be expected that he should be particularly scrupulous in the letter of his advertisements. He sees nothing wrong in representing by a liberal stretch of language both the youth who has submitted to his treatment for so considerable a period as a quarter,

and the youth who, after the experience of a week or so, retires dispirited with the shallow artifices of his system, should both of these have been fortunate enough to pass, as "almost wholly educated at this establishment." In truth there is as much virtue in this *almost* as in Touchstone's *if*. It is needless to recount all the various tricks and devices to which these speculators in the educational market resort. That they should prosper and flourish is due to the easy confidence and indolence of parents and guardians. The only thing that seems surprising is that while the advertised pretensions of such men as Dr. Hunter and his tribe are laughed at by all sensible people, there should be found so large a number of intelligent parents who are willing to accord a ready credence to the sensational announcements of quack and spurious instructors.

PUBLICAN RELIGION.

We have long been familiar with two forms of religion and religious worship—Public Religion, and what we may call Republican Religion, of which private and individual worship is the distinguishing feature; but the Dean of Carlisle introduces us, by means of "a conference held in London," to a third kind of religion, which we have called Publican Religion. The Dean says, he "had been shocked to find that some of the spirit-dealers, in order to attract people to drink, brought choirs into their places, who sang the Hundredth Psalm and religious chants." This seems an odd way of attracting the ungodly, but the persons who resort to such establishments are perhaps of honest Master Slender's mind, "I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves;" a sentiment which the Welsh parson highly approves, "So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind." But Dean Close appears to be of a different opinion. A popular preacher is reported to have said that "he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes:" that personage appears not to see why the Church should have all the religious tunes. Indeed, this infringement of an established monopoly seems to move the Dean's wrath more than even drunkenness itself. He cannot accept as a mark of a lingering conscience, steeped in gin till it has become nervously superstitious, this extraordinary procedure; nor can he admit it as an instalment of the tribute which is proverbially paid to virtue by her enemy. Most people, we should imagine, would prefer to put far away all thought of religion when they were violating its precepts in so outrageous a manner—for we may not suppose that these people are not drunkards, but moderate drinkers; but the Dean is evidently afraid that what we should have supposed only calculated to drive away these sinners (can the publicans themselves have this pious intention?) it would seem just possible from other portions of the Dean's speech) should prove an attraction; and that since they can get religion and gin together, they should not care to visit the churches where they can only be supplied with one of these stimulants. But we think we can suggest an explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon of Bacchanals chanting the Hundredth Psalm. The Dean supplies the ground of our suggestion in another extraordinary fact:—"Statistics showed that of the prisoners in the gaols three-fourths had been in Sunday-schools. How did they get there? Nine out of ten by the road of liquor." This fact does not suggest to the Dean any doubt as to the efficiency of the Sunday-schools where these criminals were educated, but only serves to illustrate to his mind the exceedingly subtle influence of gin. And he does not in the least supply the link in the chain of causes which would connect the Sunday-school with the gin-shop. We venture to supply this link, and we find it in the fact that the publicans of whom he tells us have taken up a religious worship of their own. So that the Dean contrives to give the Sunday scholars a sort of taste for Psalm tunes, which the publican (or rather, as Dean Close would say, the devil) makes use of in order to engraft upon it a taste for gin. How it is that the one does not exclude the other Dean Close does not affect to explain, and we imagine it would rather task his philosophy to do so; but we may suggest that a religious training which is only skin-deep can scarcely produce permanent results in any way but in engendering a superstition which is as likely to recoil upon its victim in the form of extreme vice as to scare him from sins which he has not learnt to hate, but only to fear.

The frightful evils of drunkenness are admitted on all hands, and the Dean and his friends by no means have a monopoly of the horror of this vice which they are so fond of parading. It is not in admitting the magnitude of the evil that we fall behind

the Dean, but we cannot go with him in the remedy he proposes. He says truly of his scheme that "it would produce a result in the country that would astonish their friends"—very unpleasantly, we fear. This scheme, as he expounds it, is simply "that not a drop, not only of spirits, but intoxicating drinks of any kind, should be sold on the Lord's-day." After this we should have no further question whether, as he phrases it, "the brake was put on strong enough." But it is strange if, as he says, there is "a singular unanimity amongst persons of all ranks and classes, and amongst the victuallers and spirit-sellers themselves, as to the mischievous nature of the traffic on Sundays," that any brake should be needed. If there is so great a unanimity amongst buyers and sellers, what prevents the former from shutting up their shops or the latter from deserting them. The Dean sees this, for he adds, "There being such a wonderful harmony upon the question, the wonder was that it was not stopped at once." He then reverts from present affairs, with their confused contradictions, to past history, and tells us that "every country under heaven" has been obliged to restrain drinking by special laws. Whether his history is better or worse than his arguments we do not care to inquire, since he does not tell us whether the laws have ever done any good. The chaplain of Durham Gaol considers that "half of the crime of the country is committed between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning; and in these cases almost every offence is directly or indirectly connected with public-houses and beershops." The evidence of this no doubt worthy gentleman is slightly vague, and hardly proves what he supposes, even if it is admitted to be correct. The Dean, who is great in statistics, remarks that "in Edinburgh, just before the passing of the Forbes Mackenzie Act, it was found that more than 40,000 visits to public-houses took place every Lord's-day, and by far the greater portion of these were by servants and children." We should have thought this class might have been kept out of the way of mischief by their more sober masters and parents. And if we are to accept the generalization of the Durham chaplain, we must conclude nearly half of the crime of Edinburgh to have been perpetrated by servants and children. The Dean discreetly says nothing of what took place after this elaborate washing of the outside of the cup and the platter. If a good many "ifs" were disposed of, he thinks a petition "with a million of signatures" might be presented, and the beer and spirit shops, "the smell of which poisoned him as he went by," might be shut, and the publicans might abandon their bastard religion and come to church.

There is little necessity for us to urge, what has been often insisted upon, that the remedy is not to close public-houses entirely, but to close them so that, while no honest, hard-working man need be put to inconvenience, drunkenness may be checked. But no! the Dean will not hear of such a thing, and he gives an odd reason, if it is true,—that people who would go to church would not go to a public-house even if it were open. How so large a proportion of Sunday-school children, with their chants and psalms, ever got there is, on this supposition, a mystery. But the world abounds in mysteries, and the Dean of Carlisle's world is full of nothing else. Otherwise we might have suggested that if church-going people would, on no account, enter a public-house on a Sunday, they may perhaps forget themselves so far as to send for the beer for their Sunday dinner; and we have a strong suspicion that the number of servants and children in his Edinburgh statistics was, to say the least, largely increased by this practice. It is a pity the place does not smell so offensive to them as to the Dean, for then they would not be led into worse contact with the evil. It would, no doubt, be very desirable, if it were possible, to forbid during the greater part of Sunday all sale of intoxicating drinks to be drunk upon the premises, except to *bonâ-fide* travellers; but such a scheme appears almost impracticable, nor is it clear that it would be wise to forbid resort even to the beer-shop while the dwellings of the poor are in so intolerable a condition as at present. The Dean quotes some select statistics of the sums spent in drink by children between ten and fifteen years of age; he estimates that in certain townships near Manchester, from seven-pence to fourteen-pence, on an average, is spent every Sunday by each individual between these ages. Adulterated as our beer is proved to be, so great a quantity must produce very mischievous effects besides the intoxication; this is an evil which the Dean might think it wrong to remove. We may remark that most of the Dean's statistics concern children. Are the adults more sober? Our own conclusion upon the matter is, that restrictive measures of any kind will hardly touch the evil; that prohibitive measures will simply intensify it; and that the true remedy is to be found in education, better dwellings, and more earnest care for the physical and moral conditions of the daily life of the poor.

IRISH SOCIETY.

THE estrangement still existing in Ireland between the Protestant and the Catholic communities is an evil unhappy in itself, and most injurious in all its results. Between the members of the two religions there is not enough of that social intercourse so essential to mutual friendship and esteem. Ireland is the last country in the world that should present the anomaly of two separate and distinct circles of society coexisting in the same social stratum. And yet such unfortunately is the case; each creed forms to itself a society, and recruits its ranks almost exclusively from its own members. The stranger who has spent any time in the sister island, while he gratefully acknowledges the hospitality that he *has* received from either of the classes with which he has been cast, at the same time never fails to observe that, in our English acceptance of the word, there is no society in Ireland. This is too correct,—it is impossible that it could be otherwise; for what would, if united, form a social circle fully equal to that of any other people, leaves the country, divided as it is, without a society in anything but name. True, it may be said that in some of the chief towns there is a friendly intercourse between the respective parties, but at best it is a slight intermixture confined to a few of the large cities. It is by no means the fusion that is indispensable to social unity. In the rural, and especially the urban parts, it will not be denied that society is, as we have drawn it, disunited; though it is in these places, owing to the paucity of the upper classes, that union is most requisite. So far the estrangement between the upper classes confines itself to the detriment of the social system. But like all evils it has its injurious effects. The split is not confined to the respectability and intelligence of the country alone; with increasing width and distinctness it runs downward through the several classes, and terminates only at the lowest stratum of bigotry and intolerance. The middle and lower classes follow the example set them by their superiors, and accordingly divide themselves into separate parties distinguished by their respective religions, and the evil enlarging as it descends, grows in itself and in its baneful effects, till, what at the top appeared as a mutual estrangement, at the bottom displays itself in all the bitterness of religious animosity. In every country where the population has been similarly divided, the effects invariably have been scenes of civil discord and acts of lawless violence and bloodshed, and, of necessity, society convulsed, law and order set at defiance, and political amelioration paralyzed.

Ireland, towards the close of the nineteenth century, presents this painful spectacle of factious discord—nor in her case are the effects less visible or pernicious. Orangeism, rampant and ribald, holds complete possession over the minds of Protestant ignorance and bigotry, and by the tempting prospects of partisan popularity, fails not to enlist men of intelligence and education as its avowed leaders. On the other side, under the inclusive name of Ultramontanism, are arrayed the several "isms"—Fenianism, Ribbonism, and the rest,—that return with interest the defiant hatred of Protestant ascendancy. It is here that the effects of this unhappy division in the same population become painfully apparent, for it cannot escape the close observer that the disaffection of Ireland, whatever may be its ostensible grievances, has at bottom the object of resenting the intolerance of the Protestant minority; just in the same way as Orangeism vaunts its officious loyalty in order to provoke the Catholic party. It is not within the scope of our subject to enter on the numerous injuries that so unfortunate a state of affairs must bring on the country at large. We have shown the estrangement that exists between the upper classes of Catholics and Protestants to be unhappy in itself by its being detrimental to the best interests of social society, and its effects to be most injurious, by fostering among the unenlightened, bitter animosities. Neither is it our intention to dwell on the causes that have produced this evil. It may, in a word, be said, that years of cruel oppression had produced no other result than to make the conquerors and their descendants odious in the eyes of the conquered; that after the penal laws were abrogated this sense of hatred subsided into feelings of mutual dislike, and that even after the abolition of religious disabilities and the removal of all causes of offence, except the Established Church, among the enlightened and educated classes there survives to this day a deplorable feeling of coolness. The cure for this evil is obvious; every honest and sincere Irishman admits the urgent necessity for a cordial union between the now divided classes. We believe it will be further admitted that this union must begin with the upper classes. It is to them that the middle and lower orders naturally look for an example, and when it is once set them, they are sure, slowly it may be, but eventually, to follow it. It

was, doubtless, with a view to effect this union, that the Government established National, as opposed to Denominational, education. It was natural to conclude that by mixing the two classes in their early days they would lose the traditional feelings of mutual hatred and distrust, and, in their place, conceive for each other those of amity and respect. But whatever may be the intrinsic merit of the system, it is not to be denied that it has had but little success in its mission. The truth is, the much-desired amalgamation was attempted at the *wrong end*. The reform must originate among the higher classes, and descend gradually through the masses. The leaders will not be influenced by the example of those whom they have been in the habit of leading, and the result is that the National System of Education in Ireland has attracted but little support from any party, while it receives the strongest opposition from the great body of the Protestant and Catholic creeds. To deal with the root of the evil was beyond the scope, and, indeed, the power of the Legislature. The estrangement between the Protestant and the Catholic societies is eminently a social evil, and as such admits only of social remedy. The reform entirely lies with the respectability and intelligence of the country. That there is not the slightest reason why the social distinctions should not disappear will be evident to any one who gives the question the most cursory attention. Religion may serve to mark the distinction, but it cannot be at present the cause of the division. From the free intercourse existing between Protestants and Catholics in other countries, it is abundantly proved that there is nothing incompatible in the most cordial union between the members of the respective creeds. Indeed, it would be preposterous if religion were permitted to interfere with a subject so eminently secular as the constitution of society. We admit that in Ireland Protestantism and Popery as abstractions bear each other anything but good will; but in the respectable classes towards each other, as individual members, we know that little ill-will, and that confined to few, exists. After these considerations, it certainly seems strange that Irish society should so perversely tolerate this capricious estrangement. The real cause, doubtless, is that they who form the separate circles are the descendants of those who were continually arrayed against each other; and that while they both admit as unnecessary and cruel the feuds of their ancestors, they still continue to observe that coldness which private individuals find it so difficult to shake off after what they confess to have been an unnecessary and silly quarrel. The exigencies of the times, however, imperatively demand that whatever be the cause, if it interfere with union it cannot be too soon lost sight of. In considering the circumstances that demand union, it becomes too apparent that the proper social amalgamation admits not of immediate accomplishment. The classes that have so long stood aloof cannot in a moment be brought into friendly communion. The desirable end is only to be attained by gradual advances from both sides. Nevertheless, if it receive the support of the earnest and anxious friends of the now rival parties, it is sure, however slowly, to be ultimately accomplished. Latterly there have been, and still continue to be formed in private, the warmest friendships between young men of the separate societies; unfortunately, they are not in general extended to their respective families. Still, such as they are, they lead us to augur well of the future. It is only reasonable to expect that, when these friends become the heads of families, they will allow no religious distinctions to interfere with the intimacy of early days. Meantime, all who possess any influence cannot too strongly exert it for the reform of an evil that makes Ireland unhappy and factious in herself and ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

PLATO tells a story, which, contrary to expectation, the heavier Xenophon tells with a better point. Socrates was taunted one day with saying the same things that he had said before. Yes, was the retort, and the strangest thing is that the subject is the same; now you, happy man, have the knack of giving different opinions on the same subject. Here is a double parable, related concerning us. On the one hand, we can say nothing more than it has fallen to our lot always to have to say, Oxford has won, Cambridge has lost; on the other hand, we note with an amused perplexity the different statements made by our contemporaries on the details of so plain a matter as the course of a boat race.

To refer back once more—twice in a column is almost too much for this commercial age—to the good old classic times when Plato wrote, or the times when the bard of Boeotia sang

how the youthful athlete, Sogenes of Aegina, triumphed on the meads of Cleonæ, it is a fact not without significance that the estimate of an unsuccessful competitor in athletic contests is not now what it was then. The most recent critic on the Nemean Odes of Pindar remarks that the humiliation felt by the vanquished was both deep and keen. However fairly he might have fought, however eagerly and skilfully struggled for the prize, he must steal homewards by secret lanes, avoiding the highway of men, and the scoff or outrage of spectators. His failure was apt to be regarded as a positive affliction and shame, a stain upon the name of his family, hardly to be effaced, except by the future athletic successes of himself, his children, or his posterity. We have changed all this. If a man has fought well, though it be unsuccessfully, we give him credit for so much as he has well done. If he has run, or jumped, or rowed, pluckily, we cheer him, though ten times a vanquished man. Nay, at that great feeding of muscular Christians which takes place annually on Palm Sunday eve at Willis's Rooms, the most ringing cheers are usually accorded to the captain of the losing crew, when he stands up to deliver his thanks, and to say how plucky a crew he has had to row behind him or with him, and how gallant and invincible he believes the adversary crew to have been. We are not sure that the length to which the encouragement of a beaten competitor is carried in these tender days is quite moral. To gloss over a defeat is the fulfilment of an amiable impulse, generally speaking, but it is a weak and civilized thing to do. In ruder and brawnier times they went into the opposite extreme, they threw mud at the poor unfortunate, and reviled him. We are far from thinking that it would have been a sign of healthy vigour if the crowd had proceeded incontinently to pelt the Cambridge oarsmen with the superabundant mud of Saturday morning last, but equally we cannot help supposing that the vanquished crew, conscious of its many weak points, not to say for the present its weak members, would rather have had a little less of the compassionate patting on the back it has so freely received. Another, and a more entirely satisfactory change, since Pindar's days, is that which has brought it about that now we draw a clear line between the athletic merits of a man who runs with his own legs, or rows with his own arms—an exclusive use of that member being a serious fault with a good many Cambridge crews—and the man who owns or rides a winning horse. The famous chariot races of antiquity conferred as much honour on the human being who stood on the winning board, as fell to the share of the gamest pancratist or pentathlete. We, wiser, do not extol to the skies the Comte de Lagrange, or his Grace of Hamilton, nor yet the Fordhams, and Aldcrofts, and Challoners, and Grimshaws, for owning or riding a winning three-year-old horse. However overdrawn may be the present enthusiasm for athletic contests, we have at least this to say for ourselves in this enlightened nineteenth century, that we have too quick a sympathy with brave misfortune to heap reproaches upon mere want of success, and too clear a conception of what is laudable, to bestow our praises for athletic triumphs upon anything short of the actual sinews that win the victory. We do not groan off the field the second man, nor do our acclamations carry up to the gods the man who only collects on his chariot wheels the Olympic dust.

Every year, as it brings round the penultimate Saturday of Lent with its race, and the ultimate Monday with its comments of the press thereupon, brings round the conviction that the contesting crews were a remarkably fine set of men, and the crowd of spectators the largest that has ever been attracted by the struggle for the blue ribbon of the Thames. The present year has proved no exception in these respects. Last year the river police gained a certain amount of merited praise, by keeping the course comparatively clear at the start, a matter of such difficulty as only those who have made the attempt or seen it made can understand. This year no praise has been bestowed in this quarter, and certainly none is due by comparison with last year. Two years ago the river steamers behaved ill enough, in all conscience, and on that occasion, if our memory does not deceive us, both the start was rendered doubtful, and the safety of the losing crew—Cambridge in any case, whether it was last year or the year before—was seriously imperilled, by those vehicles and pests of rowing society. In the present year the perennial nuisances which take people in, and promise to show them the race, very nearly achieved that stoppage of the contest which has more than once been threatened. The correspondent of a well-known provincial journal has put it on record that he was present in the flesh on the box of the chief offender among the errant vessels, and that the gallant captain thereof entirely

declined to yield the vantage-ground he had secured at the cost of blocking the direct course, until the Cambridge captain came off in a small boat, and roundly put the waiting powers of his crew at a week, when his brother captain, the commander of the steamer, being only provisioned for a morning or so, was obliged to give way. As a matter of course, the sixteen men looked splendid specimens of muscular humanity as they stripped for the struggle in the rain, at least so all those who could see them said, and it was a natural sort of thing to say, and not unlikely to be true. But when we come to the start, we come to opinions of less unanimity. As a rule, it is much better to say nothing about the start. When once they are off, horses or men or boats, all is and has been fair. To wise persons, a *bonâ-fide* start is always all that could be desired. One reason for the foolish things that are said about starts now and then, may be found in the prevailing opinion that a yard at the beginning is as good as a yard at the end, which may be true enough of a hundred yards' race, or a very short spin over hurdles, but is of very doubtful truth when applied to more extended contests. It is, however, too late to say anything about the start, for the matter has been already discussed. Veracious authorities who saw it with their own eyes say that Oxford got a good start—*made* a good start is much safer language—and led by a quarter of a length from the commencement to the sixteenth stroke. Another, a most respectable authority, says that Oxford started unsteadily, and Cambridge in consequence led at first by a few feet as far as the Leander boat-house. It is only one example more of one of two things, either the possibility of two honest witnesses giving conflicting evidence on the same clear matter of fact, or the tendency to see more than the eye can see, which characterizes some minds: an astronomer might suggest that the discrepancy is due to the effects of parallax. So again with the number of strokes rowed per minute by the rival crews. It is well frankly to confess that in the excitement attendant upon such a start and such a race as that of last Saturday there are not very many men who can take the number of strokes in a thoroughly reliable manner; still the various accounts given of that marvellously self-contained stroke which carried the dark-blue to its well-earned victory are unusually conflicting, and we cannot profess to decide the dispute further than by recording the opinion that the lowest number given is nearest the truth. Oxford rowed 38, we are told, 35, 34—all these three accounts referring to the time which immediately followed the "settling down" to work. For the rest, there was little room to get wrong. When Oxford had the advantage in position, Oxford drew ahead; when Cambridge, Cambridge. It was a magnificent race when viewed as a question which boat would win; though somewhat less superlative in its merits when considered as a test of rowing science. Apologies for the pace, great as it was, have been made on the score of the poorness of the tide, but that does not touch the fact that the rowing was not of a first-rate description. Oxford has been rough all through the training; Cambridge has been neat. Refinement of style it is right to aim at, but style is not everything even when it is maintained, and it is not always maintained through a race of more than twenty minutes. There is one thing more vitally necessary than style for winning a race, namely, *last*. If Cambridge means to win the race of 1868, we should recommend the captain to get seven men to row with him who can row the course effectively. Last year the light blue was not represented by eight such men, nor was it this year. And having got a crew that can last, and having trained them according to received rules, and in a simple natural style of rowing, placing them in their boat in such a position as to give them a chance of making the most of themselves, let him try to win the toss for once. Seven years Oxford has won the toss, and for those seven years has won the race. In past years this has been, perhaps, of little consequence; but this year it was observed throughout the race how much the advantage of position told on each boat as it lay with one or the other crew.

To conclude, no two crews could possibly have rowed more gallantly than those of which we write, but gallantly does not always mean scientifically and well. Plaudits, as a matter of course, are bestowed upon the winners of this great race in each year, and compassionate and encouraging cheers on the losers; but both the competitors and the public must remember that in such a matter as rowing something like perfection is to be thought of, as well as success.

ROCOCO MINDS.

We have an expressive term of uncertain etymology which we apply to furniture, ornament, or even architecture, *rococo*.

It sounds very Italian, but it is not so. *Rôco* is hoarse, jarring, and harsh, and *rôcoco* would be a diminutive naturally formed, yet the signification of the word tallies not with ours. Perhaps some cicerone, as he shrugged his shoulders over a doubtful piece of art, invented the word, which has since passed into universal acceptance. "It is," says Bescherelle, "used to denote what is fantastic and *outré* in decorative art;" and, we may add, it is applied very generally to the revival mania which sprang up at the close of the last century, and continues till this time. Architecture, landscape gardening, furniture, interior and exterior decorations, wigs, shoes, stockings, clothes, nay, even paint and patchings are *rococo*. We have not with us the *Sartor Resartus*, but the *Sartor Redivivus*. He triumphs everywhere. At Longchamps and Chantilly in the coming season we are to have a complete revival of the dress à l'Empire. Our beloved Eugénie, with her would-be Austrian face, will make us half believe that Marie Antoinette is revisiting earth—under what happier stars heaven only knows—and duchesses and grand ladies will revive the faded images of the persons of that court which flitted in and out the petit Trianon and the Tuileries, from the foully murdered Princess de Lamballe to the foully plotting, diamond-necklace stealing, Countess de la Motte. We may call the age what we like—an age of veneer, of sham, of reform, of peace, progress, or of retrogression. The truth is, it is an age of *rococo*. For Eugénie is to wear not a wholly Marie Antoinette costume, she will have a make-up, a dress à l'Empire, with hair and hat of the time of Louis Seize, and, it may be, jewellery of Roman and Etruscan fashion. Thus we grow patchy in our costumes, and almost burlesque in our habits, when following fashion in this guise.

As the body is externally furnished so is the mind internally. The sundial in dingy Pump-court, Temple, tells us, as plainly as gilt letters can speak, that "Shadows we are, and like shadows we depart;" and these shadows are coloured by existing and interposing matters; nay, they assume form and apparent substance at the bidding, as it were, of these interponents. The chief leader of the *rococo*-minded people, who has managed to colour all men of his sort, and has influenced others insensibly, was the hero of Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole; and his spirit is plainly visible on the two leaders of the sect at present clothed in resuscitated ideas and not very admirable flesh, Mr. Beresford Hope and Archbishop Manning. But, as our dear Horace lived in the days when Voltaire was a power, and to sneer was to be clever, he did not try to turn back modern progress to ornamental Toryism like Mr. Beresford Hope, nor to revive the Hildebrandistic feelings in the Church Catholic like Dr. Manning. He was content to collect old armour, fine or foolish pictures, relics and furniture, to fill his toyshop of Strawberry Hill. He did not care exactly what article he picked up, and to get a fitting receptacle for his collection he built a sham Gothic structure, in the true *rococo* style. Here he sat and gossipped in state, only too happy if he could retail an anecdote—and this makes his book such charming reading—either profane or indecent, or if it verged on both, he was delighted. "That warming-pan," said he, pointing to a copper antiquity of great price, "puts me in mind how oddly the name of God is sometimes misapplied. It belonged to Charles II., and was used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed 'Serve God and live for ever.' " One need not say how superficial Horace Walpole was, but his learning, if superficial, was multifarious and decorated with considerable taste. To him we certainly owe the man-millinery of the Church, the crosses, copes, lecterns, altars, and super-altars; for it was he who led us to admire the Gothic in all its variety, and from him Sir Walter Scott caught his *rococo*ism. But Walpole went further. He doted on antiquities, and did not care what they were; he loved even mummies, and, like old Cockletop in the farce, would have been delighted with "a hair of the dog that bit Aristides," for a false miracle was to him about as good as a real one. His noblest follower was Sir Walter Scott, who had an infusion of the true antiquary, Captain Grosse, within him, and some, too, even in his misfortunes, which he bore and overcame with the most heroic spirit of that peculiar affection of Selden which Fuller so drily notices. Fuller said of Mr. Selden, who was both a rich man and a keen antiquary, that he had a large collection of the coins of the Roman Emperors, and a very much larger of those of his present Majesty. Sir Walter united to the love of the *rococo* the spirit of commercial success; he built Abbotsford, but he loved genuine antiquities. He brought back a love of Charles I., a dislike—a gentlemanly dislike, of course—to Puritans and Protestants, a belief, very different from the teachings of experience, or from that of the days of Pope and Addison, that priests were pious, learned gentlemen, and he paved the way in the general mind for the "revival" by Pusey, Manning, and Newman.

To be satisfied with simplest truths in religion, morality, or art, is not the way with the rococo mind. To tell a man that it is his duty to educate his hinds, to ask Lady Clara Vere de Vere whether she has no poor about her lands, and to bid her go teach the orphan boy to read, and teach the orphan girl to sew, would, for instance, shock Mr. Beresford Hope. It would knock off some of the ornaments wherewith the rococo is loaded. He must refine, and explain, and go back to precedent, and dig up Saxon institutions to back up his arguments. He is always looking back to see how far he has been, not forward to find how far he can go. So also with his fellows, Dr. Manning and Father Newman, setting out with the pilgrim on his journey—and we are all bound the same way—to the world to come, these two gentlemen come upon a slough of despond—as who does not?—and they turn about in the middle like Mr. Pliable, and scramble backwards, to play at Hildebrand and to dream of power. Of the same nature, but subject to a less effect, are those minds which got up the rococo man-millinery establishment at York the other day, and those gentlemen who furnish the green and gold things, the chasubles, copes, bracelets, gloves, and dresses which our priests will put on, to the disgust of the churchwardens and the terror of the old women of the Protestant party. Let us imagine, if we can, St. Paul at Athens enduing a mitre, and taking it off to be held by the proper official, and being careful in putting off his gloves before the altar to give the right to one priest and the left to the inferior parson. The seven lustrations to be performed before Vishnu are more sensible than these antics of a rococo priesthood. Let us go on by a step or so further, and worship becomes a nameless terror, in which we should be suffering as did the Eastern merchant for his unknown crime when, throwing away the stone of a date, he killed one of the invisible genii. But then such worship is very pretty, very absorbing, very rococo. It is not manly, of course; if we go to Messrs. Seddons or Jackson & Graham's we shall see the library or drawing-room chairs of to-day built of massive oak or walnut, and capable of supporting any weight and enduring any time. At the same time, we shall see the rococo Louis Quatorze or Quinze chairs and tables all ormolu and French polish, with splay feet and spindly sprawling legs, very elegant, no doubt, for drawing-rooms filled with petit-maitres and fribbles, belles dames and coquettes, but ricketty and top-heavy, not fit to bear the manly form even of Francis Feeble woman's tailor. If Mr. Darwin is right, and by a sort of natural selection the strong minds grow up, absorb space, and strangle and kill off the weak ones as do weeds and plants, then we can have no fear of rococo minds. They have their use. They represent a kind of concealed *dilettanti* hero-worship; they do not admire the strong; they would rather pay their devotions to Ganymede or Hylas than to Hercules; but they do some service to our taste in making us admire the pretty and the little. The Madonna and the Bambino are the dwarfed ideals of rococo worship, the government of the Jesuits in Paraguay, the very crown and flower of political achievements. The truth is that pictures by Watteau with impossible shepherdesses in silk sacques, shepherds with silver crooks and blue satin inexpressibles, are very well to look at, and that Dresden-china images with rose-blush complexions and fingers more delicate than the pistils of the fuchsia, are ornamental and pretty under glass shades; but when we come to the hard work of a very hard and exacting world, which presses harder upon us every day, and every day demands more from us, the rococo mind must be swept away with the china ornaments and the furniture-picture into the limbo of vain and useless matters which in these times, however, have impeded, worried, and often turned aside the true thinkers and workers of the world.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER has just broken his long silence on political affairs, dating from his arrest at the time of the *coup d'état*, and has written an essay in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the reorganization of the army. His judgment is not favourable to the Government scheme; at the same time, he disclaims any intention of systematic opposition, and admits that after the battle of Sadowa there was a pretext for making some kind of alteration. That battle, by the way, he describes, with the characteristic jealousy of Frenchmen at the military successes of other nations, as "one of the greatest disasters in the history of France." The General does not care much about rifled cannon and modern arms of precision; he denies that the Prussian needle-gun was the

main cause of the Prussian successes last summer; yet he grants that France must not be behind other nations in these matters, and that, if soldiers even fancy that they are worse armed than their opponents, they are pretty sure to follow their leaders with distrust. He has no faith in the Prussian landwehr system, and asserts that the Prussian army, in the campaign with Austria, being composed to a great extent of raw troops suddenly taken from sedentary occupations, could not have supported the fatigue of a long war, and that, even as it was, they filled the hospitals with sick, and studded the roads with loiterers. With reference to the French army, Changarnier is in favour of a comparatively small, but thoroughly disciplined, force of professional soldiers, and is strongly opposed to the formation of a large reserve of imperfectly drilled amateurs. One of the most important principles he lays down, however, is that, after a certain point, mere numbers are useless, or even mischievous. "No doubt," he argues, "if 3,000 men are pitted against 5,000, the odds are very great in favour of the larger force. But when you come to 60,000 against 100,000, the chances change considerably, and the higher the numbers go, the less important it is that an army should be equally matched. The larger an army, the more difficult it is to handle, and there is a point, soon reached, at which it cannot be handled to any good purpose at all." It cannot be doubted that such is the case; and the gallant General's words should be borne in mind by those alarmists in this country who would have us maintain an enormous standing army because the Continental Powers think fit to do the same. Changarnier denounces as ruinous and absurd any attempt on the part of France to put on foot an army equal in point of numbers to the largest that could by possibility be brought against her; and such an attempt would even be more ruinous and absurd with us.

PEACE and war, as between France and Prussia, yet tremble in the balance; but the inclination at present seems rather to the pacific than to the belligerent scale, and it is possible that, with the help of the neutral Powers, some compromise may be come to. Our own quarrel with Spain also looks more hopeful. The Prize Court at Cadiz has declared the capture of the *Queen Victoria* by the Spanish cruiser to have been illegal; and the *Epoca* considers that by this decision the difference between England and Spain in that matter is terminated. The affair of the *Tornado* yet remains for discussion; but the Spanish Government has appeared a little more reasonable lately, and it is to be hoped that a settlement will now be arrived at.

RUMOUR has been busy for some days past with talk of contemplated *coups d'état* in France and Italy. In the former country, it is said, the Chambers are to be suspended, and the liberal measures of January 19th are to be withdrawn. In the latter, something like a dictatorship is to be established by Victor Emmanuel and Rattazzi. These statements are of very doubtful value; but the disturbed state of Europe gives them a certain colour, which alarmists do their best to heighten. Unfortunately, too, with respect to Italy, parliamentary rule has so far proved a failure. All parties are dissatisfied, and some are desirous of seeing a Government established on a less shifting basis than that of a legislative vote. It is mortifying to our national pride to have to confess it; but, of the various imitations of the British Constitution established during the last thirty or forty years on the Continent, very few have succeeded. The conditions being so different, it is not surprising that the results should be so too.

MUCH as we have objected to the spirit of egotism and personal display which has characterized the attacks on the French Government made by M. Emile de Girardin, we cannot approve of the course taken by the authorities in withdrawing from the *Liberté* the privilege of being sold in the streets. The same thing has been done with respect to the *Avenir National*; and prosecutions are pending against both papers. The charge against the latter journal is the propagation of false news; but the withdrawal of the right of sale in the streets will do nothing towards checking the spread of incorrect information, as the circulation of both papers has increased since the prohibition. Such an act is a piece of petty spite, which defeats its own ends. It is strange that no French Government (for the Empire is not specially to blame in this respect) can understand that such displays of power are at least undignified, and only exasperate the opposition they seek to curb.

ACCORDING to the *Opinion Nationale*, "France is threatened with a rapid depopulation, in consequence of the relative unfruitfulness of lawful marriages, the excessive mortality amongst infants, and the great number of persons remaining in a state of celibacy, principally young men drawn into the army by conscription"—a state of things which it believes the new law on recruiting is of a nature to aggravate. Excessive devotion to luxury, and the absence of freedom, are the ultimate causes of this decay of the population, in the view of the *Opinion Nationale*; and it fears that the character of the people is being permanently deteriorated by the same influences.

BISMARCK still encounters opposition in the North German Parliament, and on Monday he threatened to resign if he were hindered in completing his work. He offered, however, to accept most of the amendments to the draft of the Constitution, if the House would give way on the questions of the remuneration of the deputies and the army arrangements. Parliament accordingly rescinded its former resolution with regard to the payment of its members, and rejected several new amendments. But with respect to the army it has proved recalcitrant, and has passed by a very large majority the motion by Duke Ujest, which proposed "that the next five years should be considered as a period of transition, and that after that period the army on a peace footing should be maintained at the same strength as hitherto, until the promulgation of a general code of laws, when the army expenses should nevertheless be fixed by a special law on the basis of the hitherto existing organization." Count Bismarck energetically opposed this; but he was defeated. This is a real triumph for the Opposition, and the Ministry has accepted it. The Count announced on Wednesday that the Federal Government had resolved to adhere to the Constitution as voted by Parliament; that the Governments of the various members of the Federation had also adopted it; and that the Parliament had for the present come to the close of its work.

THE Polish members of the North German Parliament, having vainly endeavoured to prevent what they call "the act of violence" by which they were incorporated in the Confederation, have resigned their seats. Replying to the notification of this fact, Herr Simson, the President, said:—"By resigning your seat, you have escaped being called to order for using the expression 'act of violence.' History will reject your protest." Perhaps not. Like posterity, and a few other abstractions, history is often appealed to in vain.

THE Americans have taken the cession of Russian America very quietly. They have not even exulted over the fact that they will now stand between us and the Pacific for a thousand miles of coast. Of course there have been exceptions to the rule of good sense. The *New York Herald*, now that Russian America has been ceded, sees nothing to prevent the speedy acquisition of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, while another New York editor represents the British Lion in the undignified act of howling with anguish within the precincts of the British embassy at Washington, so grieved was the faithful animal at the supposed humiliation of his country. But, as a rule, there has been no exultation over the Britisher, and very little glorification of the Stars and Stripes. On the contrary, the general feeling seems to be one of doubt whether these national emblems should not resent the transaction as an attempt of the Government to make political capital by a stroke of foreign policy. This may be in part due to the decisive terms in which Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, has denounced the treaty. He maintains that the Union has already more territory than it wants, and urges that the tendency of Republics is to expand beyond the limit of economical control. "We have literally," he says, "no use for this territory if we acquire it. We do not want any more naval depots on the Pacific than we now have. Finally, the mere suggestion, which is put forward at least semi-officially, that the occupation of Russian America will be a sort of menace to Great Britain by interposing between her American possessions and the Pacific, ought to condemn the whole project. We have no occasion to be dealing in impertinences. If we want a quarrel with that Power, we can have it any day without going to the North Pacific Ocean for a pretext." This is the language of good sense, and it is addressed to a public which seems willing to listen to it. The cession is a carrying out of the old Monroe doctrine, "that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed

and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers." In 1823, under Monroe's Presidency, negotiations took place between the Cabinets of Washington and St. Petersburg about these very possessions; but they came to nothing. They were renewed the other day, on the initiative of Russia; and the cession is now an accomplished fact.

GENERAL BUTLER has been making some strange statements in the House of Representatives concerning Booth, and Mrs. Surratt, and the assassination of President Lincoln. He asserts that Mrs. Surratt (who was hanged for complicity in the murder of the late President) was entirely innocent; that the proofs of her innocence were in the hands of the Government at the time of the trial; and that for certain reasons they suppressed them. When Booth was shot, he states, a pocket-book was taken from his person, containing a diary written by himself, from a period preceding the assassination to a few hours before his death. This book was suppressed at the trial, but it has been handed over to the Judiciary Committee which is collecting evidence for the impeachment of President Johnson. It is alleged that the book now bears evidence of eighteen pages having been cut out of it—by whom, no one knows, but it is insinuated by Butler that Mr. Johnson himself got rid of these leaves, which have reference to the period before the murder, and which, it is hinted, contained evidence that Booth at first merely contemplated the abduction of Mr. Lincoln, but was induced to change that plan for one of a more fatal character. "If we had only had the advantage of all the testimony," said Butler, "we might have been able to find who it was that changed Booth's purpose from capture to assassination; who it was that could profit by assassination; who could not profit by capture and abduction of the President; who it was expected by Booth would succeed to Mr. Lincoln, if the knife made a vacancy." Charges such as these should not be even hinted unless on the most cogent grounds; yet it is admitted that Butler never saw the missing pages. Mr. Johnson would perhaps do well in soliciting an inquiry into his conduct. These hideous rumours should be met and silenced. *Govt. is in a evil condition.*

BEAUREGARD recommends his fellow Southerners to submit quietly to the Northern terms, since they are too exhausted to resist. This is the advice given by most men at the South now, and it is clearly the only course open to the vanquished Confederates. In the meanwhile, the negro question, as usual, is causing difficulties. We read in the papers that "on the 1st inst. another negro riot occurred at Charleston, in consequence of the negroes insisting upon riding in the street cars. They were ejected by the police, and lodged in the station-house; but their rescue being afterwards attempted by a negro mob, a force of regulars interfered, and arrested a number of the negro ringleaders." These conflicts of race will of course continue for a long time; but the Southerners are already beginning to discover the value of the "nigger" as an ally, and after awhile they will treat him more decently.

HAYTI is again in a state of revolution, a Provisional Government having been formed on the flight of President Geffrard. The new rulers make fine promises; but the state of the island is very disturbed, and it was thought right that her Majesty's ship *Cadmus* should sail from Jamaica to Port-au-Prince, to protect the interests of British subjects, threatened by the revolutionists.

THE Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, of Japan is reported to have died of small-pox. That disease has been known in Japan for between two and three thousand years; but no Mikado has succumbed to it before, so that the people are beginning to doubt whether the Spiritual Emperors are not losing their supernatural power, and whether the last Mikado was not a humbug for dying of so scurvy a malady.

THE petition about to be presented to the Crown on behalf of Mr. James Freeling Wilkinson, the late manager of the Joint-Stock Discount Company, is certainly signed by names of high standing and repute, and is very confident in its expression of belief in Mr. Wilkinson's innocence. Whether this confidence is sufficient to override the verdict of a jury is, of course, a question for the Crown and its advisers. No doubt

it is very unfair to accuse a man who might have misappropriated enormous sums of fraudulently taking a small sum, and it is hard that a man who is thus accused should be put in the dock of the Old Bailey, and not be able to answer the charges in person. The proper course is to return such a man to Parliament, and there let him vindicate his character. We cannot question, after the experience we have had of late, that such a vindication would be triumphant. At the Old Bailey, all the efforts of Mr. Coleridge gained only a recommendation to mercy on the ground of previous good character, which is indeed the ground for the present petition. The petitioners, it is true, say that the evidence given at the trial was inconclusive and unsatisfactory, and that it failed to convince—the jury? no, the petitioners. They say, too, that other evidence was kept back, and that the prosecutors did not avail themselves of some which would have been in favour of the prisoner. This may be so, but why did not the prisoner's counsel adduce that evidence? He probably had his reasons for not doing so. Perhaps it would not bear the test of cross-examination. Perhaps the defence would not bear the test of an answer from the prosecution. At all events, the petitioners ought to inquire why the evidence was not forthcoming, and ought to be careful before they set up their belief in Mr. J. F. Wilkinson's innocence as more conclusive than the result of a trial.

THE indictment for high treason by levying war against the Queen, upon which "General" Burke, "Captain" McCafferty, Duffy, Flood, and fourteen others, are to be tried in Dublin on the 24th, is rather a curiosity in these peaceful and order-loving days. It charges the accused with having conspired, with other "false traitors," to incite certain foreigners with force and arms to invade that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. They are also charged with having, "for the purpose of carrying out their wicked designs," made "divers journeys," among the rest to Chester, to carry off military weapons, the property of her Majesty, "whereby they might the better arm themselves to fight against the Queen's troops and soldiers," and "for the purpose of committing slaughter of her Majesty's subjects, and levying war." In addition to this they are accused of having actually fought against the Queen's soldiers and constables, "arrayed in a warlike manner." The Fenians ought to be very grateful at finding themselves credited with having fought at all.

If the report which comes to us from an Irish paper of extreme views be correct as to the treatment of the Fenian convicts, the matter should be taken up at once. There is a degree in all things, and it will never do for England to imitate the conduct of the Neapolitan Government towards State prisoners. The details are of a very disgusting character. Of course, the weight of this subject entirely depends on the truth or falsehood of the narrative, but there appears to be sufficient to call for investigation. To associate a man guilty of a political offence with a wretch whose conduct cannot be named, is to inflict upon the former a measure of punishment certainly not contemplated by the law or required by justice. Yet that is asserted to have been done.

THE chief actors in that curious episode of Friday's debate have written letters explaining the part they took in it. Colonel Taylor writes to say that he was cautious not to commit anybody in the Cabinet, much less himself. Mr. Dillwyn is even now cautious in the extreme; Mr. W. O. Stanley repudiates the charge of his ever having seen the document; and Mr. Brand modestly supplies "the missing link" in a chain which consists of missing links. The upshot of the story is, that Colonel Taylor said something to Mr. Dillwyn, and Mr. Dillwyn read something to Mr. W. O. Stanley, that Mr. Stanley dictated something to Mr. Brand, and Mr. Brand confided something to Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Osborne read something to the House. But whether all the somethings agreed or not, and whether five somethings are equivalent to something or nothing, must be left to the judgment of whips and the acuteness of mathematicians.

THE "bears" of the Stock Exchange seem to be once again actively engaged in their peculiar branch of industry. Certain speculative operations in the shares of a joint-stock bank, whose position is unquestioned, having been entered into, and appearing to turn out unfavourably, the old plan so largely used during the panic in May last was called into requisition.

Persons supposed to be depositors were thus addressed:—"If you or any of your friends have any money deposited in the — B—k you will not err much in withdrawing it.—A Hint from a Friend." Now, as nearly all these "bearing" transactions take place on the Stock Exchange, it has been very naturally asked why the Capel-court authorities continue to manifest the same indifference at the robbery of bank shareholders which distinguished them in May last. The reply of these gentlemen is an indignant protest through their secretary. They say that it was not possible for them to take action in a matter in which no member of the Stock Exchange was implicated. The committee do not explain by what investigation they established the immaculate purity of the members of the Stock Exchange. If we mistake not, however, inquiries of some sort were not long ago conducted on the Stock Exchange, but with results that can scarcely be pointed to with any considerable degree of pride.

THE strike of the engine-drivers and firemen employed upon the North-Eastern Railway, and which has now continued for upwards of a week, gives very little prospect of a speedy arrangement. The men allege in excuse of their conduct the faithlessness and deception of their superiors, who certainly seem to have acted at least with indiscretion. The dispute appears to have come to a head on the 22nd of March last, when the men gave the company a month's notice of their intention to quit work. This notice was, however, subsequently withdrawn, under an arrangement conceding to the men the greater portion of their demands, and allowing them, amongst other things, once a week a "shed day," on which they were to look to and clean the engines and boilers. On the 10th of April, however, the engine driven by a man named Srafton having been wanted for some other duty, he had no engine to clean, and the locomotive foreman refused him his "shed day." Upon this the quarrel was at once revived, and nearly 1,500 men struck work. In the mean time, the Company are getting men from other places, and are prosecuting some of the men for breaking their engagements in leaving work without a month's notice. The magistrates before whom the question came decided in favour of the Company, but postpone the infliction of any penalty until the 22nd of May. The men, on the other hand, boast of the ample support they are receiving from all quarters, and of the weekly contribution of 3s. from each driver and 2s. from each fireman, ordered to be levied by the Central Committee. When it is recollect that seriously the public are affected by the dispute, it is to be hoped that no means will be left untried for effecting a compromise.

It is lucky that crinolines are going out of fashion, especially for gentlemen like the Rev. G. Keppel, who happen to put out their hands in order to keep down rebellious dresses. Mr. Keppel has been charged at the Southwark Police Court with indecently assaulting a young woman who was travelling with her mother, the offence taking place in broad daylight and in a railway compartment in which there were two other people. The account seems so extraordinary that the case of Mr. Hatch at once comes to our minds. It seems that the witnesses were respectable, and there was no appearance of the charge having been trumped up. This is the only circumstance which makes a decision difficult, and which led the magistrate to say,—

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

But these circumstances may often occur, and under the present legal system the truth cannot always be attained. Fraud is often more easily met than error.

IF the proposal for inflicting capital punishment within the walls of prisons needed any argument to support it, a powerful one can be found in the horrible account we have of the last execution at Horsemonger-lane Gaol. The convict, James Longhurst, who was found guilty of a most aggravated murder of a child on the last Home Circuit, exhibited a degree of terror seldom seen even upon those occasions. When the executioner attempted to pinion him, he struggled so frightfully that it required four or five warders to restrain him. He was at last thrown upon the ground upon which another struggle ensued, in which he kicked several of the warders severely. As he lay exhausted, his arms were strapped, and having been raised up, he walked towards the scaffold. At the sight of it, however, the poor wretch was again seized with horror, and struggled so violently to release himself that he had to be

dragged up the steps and held under the beam until the rope was adjusted and the bolt drawn. That a scene like this should be offered as a kind of public entertainment to thousands who learn nothing good from it, is simply disgraceful to humanity.'

Not very long since, in an article upon MS. sermons, we took occasion to trace some of our pulpit oratory to rather odd sources. A clergyman writing to the *Times* gives two recent interesting instances of how sermons are concocted. The writer says that he heard at one of the principal West-end churches a few mornings since, a very beautiful sermon delivered by the incumbent, and which he immediately recognised as one of Dr. Arnold's early school sermons. The discourse, although slightly altered in mane and tail, was on the whole a reproduction word for word from the printed volume. In another West-end church the same clergyman had the gratification of hearing a sermon of his own, which he had printed and published not long before. However far the humility of our teachers should go, surely there ought to be some limit to clerical boldness.

A CURIOUS point is made by Dr. Lankester in his Annual Report of the Work of a London Coroner. He confirms Mr. Buckle's theory as to the inevitable regularity of suicides, and talks of "the iron hand of irresistible law being obviously at work in this form of human sacrifice." He adds that "the figures 71, 72, 75, 79, seem almost to represent the increase of population." Mr. Buckle's theories have certainly taken root, when we find a coroner, of all others, talking of the iron hand of irresistible law, and of the inscrutable mysteries of life over which a veil is to be drawn by the social philosopher. The subject is too large to be discussed in a note, and by pronouncing the mystery inscrutable Dr. Lankester seems to forbid our meddling with it.

THE lions of Trafalgar-square seem at length to be in a fair way of being eased of the weekly presence of demonstrating Reformers. Anything more dismal than the last of these gatherings it would be difficult to conceive. About 500 persons are reputed to have been present, and in consequence of the absence of Mr. Beales at the Paris Exhibition, and of Colonel Dickson, detained at home by a cold, they were forced to content themselves with the presidency of Mr. Guedalla and the oratory of Mr. Bradlaugh. The great feature of that gentleman's speech was his recommendation that ardent Reformers should refuse to pay the Queen's taxes. This course, Mr. Bradlaugh believed, would soon bring Parliament to its senses. The result pointed out is by no means impossible; but it is quite as likely that the ardent Reformers would also soon find their senses.

ALL men with the exception of the lovers of scandal—we hope the largeness of the rule and the modesty of the exception may be duly appreciated—will be glad to hear that an arrangement has been effected in the case of Edmunds v. Lord Brougham. We are sorry that all the matters connected with the first name are not also set at rest; but it is much to have the second name freed from all connection with it, even though, as we hear it rumoured, Lord Brougham has had to pay £11,000 for the arrangement.

THE vacancy in the representation of Middlesex, caused by the death of Mr. Robert Hanbury, was on Monday last filled up by the unopposed return of Mr. Henry Labouchere. The new member declared himself prepared to support all Liberal measures, and to act with those men whose fidelity to the Liberal cause has gained for them the confidence of the country.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

So many matters of importance rise together, when the events of the past fortnight which concern the University come under consideration, that it is difficult to perform the Speaker's function, and determine which shall have the precedence. Fortunately, the athletic performances of our young men have grown into such an overwhelmingly great size and position, that the contests of the Thames and Beaufort House claim separate columns for themselves, and so the choice of subjects is to that extent limited. It is only necessary to say here,

that, however fine a race the purveyors of racing information to the press may choose to call it, and a fine race it undoubtedly was, the defeat of the Cambridge boat is very severely felt by those whom that boat represented on the Thames. After all that has been said, during the practice, of the bad style of the Oxford crew and the prettiness of the Cambridge eight, and after all the pains that have honestly been taken to select a team worthy of the University, this one more defeat is undoubtedly depressing. The subject may for the present be dismissed with the remark, that it was known in Cambridge a fortnight ago, or more, that of the eight best men Mr. Griffiths and his colleagues could find on the Cam, certainly not more than six were fit to last over half the Thames course, let alone the whole twenty-four minutes' endurance required of University oars. It is sad to remember that one of the favourite oarsmen, who rowed in the trial eights at Cambridge, died in his college a week or two before the race, having never fairly recovered, it is said, from the unwise exertions which his system had been called upon to make. He was a promising oarsman and excellent in the cricket-field; better than either, he was a good scholar, and a most conscientious man when any question of amusement *versus* study was concerned, striving always to make up to the uttermost minute any time filched from graver work by the exigencies of athletic training: a sort of man whose influence and example would be a loss to any college.

Professor Fawcett's "instruction" to the Committee of the House of Commons on the University of Oxford Bill for admitting Dissenters to the governing body of that University, takes Cambridge rather by surprise, and will lead no doubt to a renewal of all the agitation and internal discussion which we went through a few years ago. A large number of members of the Senate feel that Professor Fawcett's action in the matter has caused his fostering mother to assume a most undignified position in the eyes of Parliament and the public. A grand old University is certainly something too respectable and important as a corporation, to be revolutionized in a quarter of an hour by the addition of two words to a Bill already discussed and debated without any reference to the University thus impertinently treated. The unanimous petition of the Senate, too, is entitled to some little regard, however true it may be that it was only unanimous because it was not opposed, there being several members of the Senate present at the time of its passing who would have voted against it had there been an organized opposition. This feeling of annoyance is irrespective of the merits of the question itself. Men who would hold out the right hand gladly to welcome Dissenters to their proposed new position—which will make it a part of their duty and privilege to decide questions relating to the University sermons and the examinations in the Liturgy of the Church of England—are some of them of opinion that the only proper way of obtaining this desirable end, is by a much more grave and serious proceeding than that which commanded a majority of the House the other night, under the undutiful patronage of the member for Brighton. The columns of the LONDON REVIEW are sufficiently well known for their Liberal principles, to make this tirade against the Professor assume the form of an opinion unbiased by party feeling. Those who, on party grounds or settled principle, object utterly to the proposed course of legislation, may probably have cause, if they live a few months longer, "to bless heaven once more," as a Conservative paper feebly puts it, "that there is such a thing as a House of Lords."

The Vice-Chancellor's endeavours to secure a peaceful congregation for the last of the term proved a failure. There was so much necessary business to be done, what with the voting on the contested grace respecting the reading prize and the numerous degrees to be conferred on the Classical Tripos men, that no one could pretend to keep a watchful eye upon the galleries. The consequence was that their occupants had it all their own way, and as the galleries were crowded as full as when the Princess of Wales came—that is to say, fuller than might have been supposed possible—it may be readily understood what "having it their own way" came to mean. The fact is, that either stricter measures should have been taken or none at all. Half measures with an excited mass of vigorous young men are suicidal, when steeplechases and games have been stopped, and the defrauded young men deprived of their expected opportunities of breaking their own necks or the windows of all the stations between Oxford and Cambridge. The only good point about the affair was that the noise made answered a purpose its makers had not intended; it deafened, it is true, the world below, and reduced the proceedings to a pantomime, but it completely covered all personal impertinences, and rendered inaudible the rude things which no doubt were

launched upon the heads of the authorities. One or two of the offenders were pinned by their college officials, and it was rather amusing to see a head of a house engaged in actual discipline, and securing one of his men who had sinned. It is to be hoped that one side or the other will have forgotten all about it by the May Term. An appeal might not unfitly be made in private to the better thinking of the undergraduates in favour of the many visitors who grace our proceedings with their presence during the gaieties of that most gay academical season; but any public steps that may be taken must be of a decided character. Either, as has been done before now, the tutors of the several colleges must take up their places in the galleries, supported by a sufficient number of Masters of Arts, and so keep order, or the galleries must be closed, and undergraduates expelled the Senate House during misconduct. The latter is an objectionable course; it has led to evil in days not very long gone by, and it assumes that the men are in their present state unfit to be spectators of the proceedings of the University. The former is the wiser plan, that, namely, of stationing peace-officers of the University at intervals in the galleries, each to form a nucleus of quiet. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the hundreds of robust young persons that now go and yell and pound with their feet in the galleries mean any real harm; they only require to be just a little protected against themselves, as all men possessed of warm young blood do at times. But a steady course of conduct with regard to them must at the present stage of affairs be commenced and carried through: uncertain measures will make things worse. The foundress of Christ's College chanced once upon a time to be looking out of a window in her half-finished College, and descipted the Dean calling a faulty scholar to correction, whatever that might mean in those days and in Milton's College. "Lente, lente," she cried from the window, desiring not to remit but to mitigate the punishment, accounting it right that justice should be done, but holding that mercy and justice make the best medley for offenders. It might be a useful thing if the Countess of Richmond and Derby could be persuaded to come and deliver another lecture on the science of discipline from the windows of her College.

The Little-go examiners have published a *post-mortem* list quite as merciful as the original list of last December. There can be but very few unfortunates remitted to the pains and perils of fresh subjects, and another year of trials. Of those who have now passed—about seventy—more than two-thirds are formally described, in language that must be very trying to their feelings, as those "to whom the examiners have only not refused their certificate of approval"; how just such gibbeting is can only be known by those who have examined, or have prepared candidates, and it is perhaps as well that a general ignorance should prevail regarding the state of the "riddlings of our undergraduates," as some one has, or might have, described such persons. Men who have failed after long terms of hard work to acquire a sufficient familiarity with two books of Xenophon, will find two books of the Iliad a very hard pill to swallow, and their change will be decidedly for the worse. It is a significant fact that in no year of late, speaking from memory, has anything like so large a proportion of Little-go candidates passed, as in the present academical year, when the examination has been made more difficult, with a wider range of subjects; either it means that the extra fearfulness of the ordeal has made men work harder, which has no doubt been the case with a large number of men, or it is the old story, that the most difficult sets of papers are the easiest to pass in, as the examiners find they must pluck most of the men, or materially lower their standard.

The Sanskrit Syndicate has at length reported in favour of proceeding to the election of a professor, for one life only, as at present advised, at a salary of £500 a year. The question will be decided "yes" or "no" next term; and if "yes," probably the professor will be elected in October or November. The non-gremial (*i. e.*, "local") examination Syndicate reports in favour of the continuance of the examination of girls. This examination has been a clear success for the last two years, and it seems that the University cannot do otherwise than convert the experiment, determined on in 1864 for three years, into a permanent arrangement.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S farewell performance, at her second piano-forte recital on Saturday last, afforded ample proof of those great qualities which this artist so eminently possesses, and to which we have so frequently borne glad testimony. In her husband's varia-

tions in C sharp minor, Op. 13, her playing was of the highest order of declamatory grandeur, relieved where requisite by the lightest touch of grace and refinement, as in the ninth variation; a piece of dreamy murmuring beauty worthy of Schubert, other portions of the work being characterized by a tone of serious elevation approaching that of Beethoven. The two extracts from Schumann's six "Studien für die Pedal-Flügel," written in the most rigid of all musical forms, that of Canon, yet so free and flowing in grace and melody as to conceal all appearance of prescribed structure—these two pieces (one of them encored) charmed the audience of St. James's Hall to a degree in curious contrast to some of the current criticisms on Schumann's music. In a piece by Scarlatti, a Gavotte by Bach, Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, and, with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's piano and violoncello sonata in D, Madame Schumann gave fresh proof of her being one of the very few living pianists who are worthy interpreters of music of the highest order. Three of Schumann's "lieder" (one of these also encored) were sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby—being among a collection of thirty songs by Schumann just published, with English and German words, by Messrs. Ewer, of Regent-street.

The Royal Italian Opera version of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" was given on Tuesday, with the difference from last year's cast of Signor Ciampi in lieu of Signor Ronconi as Lord Koburg, Signor Capponi replacing Signor Ciampi as the bandit Giacomo. We last season noticed the exquisite performance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca as Zerlina—the combination of refined comedy in her acting, and brilliancy and finish in her singing being as charming as it is rare. Signor Naudin's "Fra Diavolo" is better vocally than histrionically; this artist, as an actor, appears to most advantage in parts of an heroic and demonstrative kind, and Fra Diavolo appears throughout the opera until the last scene, as the *pseudo*-Marquis and man of fashion; his brigand costume and bearing being only assumed at the close. The charming romance in the first act, and the serenade in the second, admirably sung by Mdlle. Lucca and Signor Naudin, were, of course, encored. Signor Ciampi's version of the travelling Englishman is less extravagant, and therefore not so funny as Signor Ronconi's farcical caricature. The latter artist made the character a broad burlesque; the former renders it more quaint and dry, dressing it according to the received Parisian type of the travelling "milor anglais." Signor Tagliafico's bandit Beppo is, at it was last season, a most important accessory to the dramatic effect. It is impossible to conceive a better embodiment of the combined timidity and ferocity which makes this part so good a foil to the burly direct ruffianism of the companion robber Giacomo, capably played by Signor Capponi; the two being as good a pair of picturesque stage-bandits as were ever seen even on the French stage. Their little *falsetto* duet in mockery of Zerlina called down a burst of applause. The remaining characters were efficiently filled, as last season, by Mdlle. Morensi, Signori Neri-Baraldi, and Polonini.

The usual Passion-week performances of sacred music have taken place; "Elijah" on Monday by Mr. Martin's National Choral Society, with Madame Champion, Miss L. Franklin, Messrs. Leigh Wilson and Santley as principals—the "Messiah" on Wednesday by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the solos by Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Easter entertainments this year will be considered something meagre by those who have acquired a taste for burlesque and spectacle. The Strand and the Olympic are the only two central theatres that provide their patrons with new extravaganzas—the first producing to-night (Saturday) a piece by Mr. William Brough, called "Pygmalion," and the second producing on Monday next a piece by Mr. Burnand, called "Olympic Revels." Drury Lane has departed, for a time, from its "legitimate" programme, and announces a new realistic drama of the Boucicault type by Mr. Andrew Halliday, called "The Great City." There is no truth in the rumour that this drama will merely work out a scheme that was proposed to Mr. Chatterton by Mr. Boucicault. Mr. Boucicault's name appeared in the Drury Lane programme of last autumn much in the same way as the names of musical composers appear in the opera programmes, but the author and the manager were unable to come to terms chiefly because Mr. Boucicault refused to act in his own drama. Mr. Sothern will return to the Haymarket to-night (Saturday), and will appear in a new comedy first called "The Scamp," but now changed, we presume to make the title inoffensive, to "A Wild Goose," which, under the name of "Rosedale," was adapted by Mr. Lester Wallack from the novel of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and successfully performed in America. The comedy has been "edited" for the English stage by Mr. Boucicault. Sadler's Wells will also be opened to-night (Saturday) under the management of Mr. W. H. Swanborough. The Adelphi will have a new musical drama, by Mr. J. L. Hatton, in which Miss Roden will sustain the chief character; the Lyceum will produce a new ballet, in which the celebrated grotesque dancer, M. Espinoza, will appear; at the St. James's, a new drama, founded on "Ouida's" absurd novel of "Idalia," will be performed under the same title; the Princess's will remain closed until the 11th of May, when Miss Glynn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) will appear in "Antony and Cleopatra"; and the Prince of Wales's, the New Royalty, the Holborn, and the Surrey theatres will make no change in their Easter programmes.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY FOR BUSINESS MEN.*

MR. JOHN LAING'S "Theory of Business" is another book of that good kind to which we lately said words of welcome. It is a book intended to make practical men of business understand economic truths, and to give them an insight into the principles involved in their daily work and their daily gains and losses. No literary task is more useful. Men of business rarely understand science, and, if they are to be believed, scientific economists rarely understand business. Just as there are many who can sing from notes at sight, and many more who can sing from notes after a few trials, who yet have not the smallest idea of the theory of music, so there are hundreds who comprehend buying and selling, and have judgment or instinct enough to excel in speculation, but who have neither the information nor the philosophy which might be expected in an age of high ideals, even from very ordinary traders. There is probably more knowledge of Board of Trade returns and the general statistics of commerce—to say nothing of familiarity with Mill, M'Culloch, and Macleod—amongst university professors and journalists than there is amongst commercial men. And yet documents of this kind are, as it were, the logs of past, and should be the guides of future explorers, or even navigators, in the great sea of commercial adventure. The study of them, and of the science of trade, would undoubtedly contribute very greatly not only to the elevation, but to the increased profitableness of commercial pursuits. Mr. Laing, without any reference to this subject, illustrates a point on which he is insisting by the laborious and protracted efforts of six men and three horses to remove the ponderous gnarled trunk of a felled tree, which might easily have been put aside by three men and two horses had an engineer been present to direct them on sound principles of mechanics. The illustration does not exactly apply to what we are saying. We do not expect the introduction of science and philosophy into commerce to result in any great economy of labour. But, taking the men for merchants and the horses for their clerks, we have no sort of doubt that the thorough mastery of the principles of political economy, and what is gradually branching out from political economy, the applied science of business, would enable traders to increase their gains to an extent far more remarkable than any increment that could result from any economy of labour whatever. Literary middlemen of real ability can alone accomplish this change in the commercial mind, and Mr. Laing exhibits that faithfulness towards the great authorities on whom he bases himself, and that vivacity in conveying what he derives from them to those for whom he writes, which are the most essential qualities in authors of his very useful class. Almost always sound—according to the received ideas of soundness—and seldom ignorant of any important fact or consideration, he succeeds in informing the well-known processes of manufacture, distribution, and credit, with the principles which govern them. Or, rather, he informs those who conduct these processes of the principles which they unconsciously apply, and by which they might profit more largely if they applied them with fuller knowledge and clearer perception of their character and bearing.

A cursory reader of the first twenty-five pages of this book would probably regard this as very exaggerated eulogy. And certainly Mr. Laing is in the outset terribly common-place and even childishly minute in his expositions. We forgive Euclid for telling us that a whole is greater than its part chiefly because he is Euclid. Mr. Laing is not Euclid, and lies under no sort of necessity that we know of to tell us that the "division of labour increases skill;" that it is a wonderful thing London should be daily supplied with food; that "the desire of wealth is the mainspring of industry;" that "commodities steadily make progress towards the state of fitness for consumption;" cotton finding "its way to spinners," and calico leaving "the manufacturer's hands" to be "conveyed to the warehouse in place of what has passed from it to the shops, while a never-ending supply of the raw material is drawn from the fruitful earth, the fountain-head of all riches." The line which separates school-book truisms of this sort from really useful writing may be difficult to define, but we are glad to say Mr. Laing soon passes it. Chapter III., on page 29, begins a sensible discussion of commercial credit, and the remaining 210 pages of the book are almost all usefully and worthily employed. Having mentioned credit we may at once remark that we are somewhat astonished that in a later portion of his work Mr. Laing does not evince a clearer perception of a necessity which flows very plainly from his exposition of the operations by which goods are paid for. We mean the necessity of dealing with credit as the most important element in the theory of business. In order to make this evident, and at the same time to give a favourable example of Mr. Laing's style, we shall make a quotation from his third chapter, premising that the figures in it refer to a series adopted by Mr. Laing, in which 13 stands for the price to consumers, 11 for the price to retailers, 10 the price to warehousemen, 9 to manufacturers, 6 to spinners, and 5 to merchant purchasers of the raw material—the cotton manufacture being very conveniently taken as the type of production. After explaining how the conclusions arrived at on the assumption of prompt cash settlement are modified by the introduction of credit, Mr. Laing continues:—

"It thus appears, on the assumption of cash in retail and credit in wholesale, that the equivalent in money required in a backward social

state is dispensed with in every case save one: an equivalent is still required for goods in the hands of retailers; in other words, for articles completed and fit for use. It further appears that, although cash is used for purchasing only in retail, the amount kept for that purpose is what also discharges wholesale debts (called 11, 10, 9, 6, and 5), those contracted by all trades of the series to each other in the course of business; that it is used for this at settlement, which may be described as a time when the write-off of goods for goods is effected, and the assignment made of money to producers, to be spent upon completed commodities. The '13' with retailers at the month's end serves to discharge all debts, and in the process of dischargement gets placed out with the groups taking part in the work. One portion after another is retained by the trades through whose hands it passes, until, like a file of soldiers relieving guard, the whole is dispersed. Gradually as the month wears on, the sums assigned in the first instance (as gross profits) to trades, are by them distributed as wages, profits, and rent, to persons who spend what they thus receive on products for their own use; the money thereby returns to retailers, and the process of dispersing and falling in is continually repeated. Credit in wholesale makes goods pay for other goods, without money actually passing as the medium; the dealer gets paid for the stock he sold to shopkeepers, by the stock he obtains from manufacturers. It will, however, be observed that at settlement each trade, under a credit not less than a cash system, is entitled to the full value in money of what it sold. The peculiarity—and it is of great importance—with credit is that producers do not retain all the money they receive. So long as cash is used in retail, it is evident that no extension of credit can banish it completely from wholesale, for the sufficient reason that producers, or other persons who represent them, are themselves the parties to retail dealings. Were the circulation determined as to quantity solely by the requirement for retail, it must bear a certain relation to the retail value of commodities. It would be equal to the value of goods bought in shops during the month, were each piece of money spent, and only once; or one-half of their value, if twice spent, and so on. Silver coins being used much oftener in a given time than gold coins, fewer in proportion to their value are required to do a given amount of work. The hypothesis of credit in wholesale, and cash in retail, though agreeing in the main with fact, does not exactly accord therewith. Some wholesale transactions are so conducted as to call for cash on their own account; and some retail purchases are effected upon credit sufficiently long to make less money necessary than if every operation were for cash. To make the proportion of money actually used correspond with what would be required were the amount regulated exclusively by retail, it must be taken for granted that what is needed for wholesale just balances what credit in retail dispenses with. But though differing so far from what really occurs, the illustration is sufficiently exact to convey some notion of how far money is rendered unnecessary by credit, and of the proportion which that retained bears to commodities."

In this statement, quite full enough and accurate enough for an elementary work, are included the germs of difficulties with which, in later pages of his work, Mr. Laing is, if we may be allowed the expression, too orthodox to deal. Passing to the twelfth chapter of the book we find that he fully realizes the facts with reference to the ordinary currency of coin and bank notes. He fixes at £130,000,000 the amount of that currency. He estimates at £51,000,000 the working balances left in the hands of bankers. He states that of this £51,000,000 they only reserve £17,000,000, advancing £34,000,000 on discount. He perceives how accurate the law of averages is in this matter, and how safely it may be relied upon in ordinary times, while in Chapter III. he has well remarked that "with so little money in use, and that little having to do so much, no wonder need be felt at the rapid spread of commercial disaster" in times of panic. Mr. Laing even admits (page 145) that "for a time" (why not always?) "money may be virtually augmented, not by withdrawing funds from bankers, but simply by spending more frequently what is already in use." But he never really includes instruments of credit, except bank notes, in his ideas of the currency,—never consults his law of averages as to how far these may be safely treated as part of the circulating medium of commerce,—never considers how far a naturally operating check upon this branch of the currency may be used to equalize and soften the variations in the money market. We know of but one writer indeed who attempts this, and he is much out of favour with almost all classes of business economists. On the one hand he is too fiercely opposed to the inconvertible theory in all its forms to be relished by what is considered the liberal currency school. On the other hand, he is too absolutely for free trade in credit to be in favour with the Bank-director type of finance authorities. This is not the place to discuss his doctrines; nor would it have been well for Mr. Laing to have done so at any length; but we must say without pledging ourselves to all Mr. Macleod's views—there being some in particular to which we are decidedly averse—that even taking the commercial world as it stands no work on business is likely to be of great authority, which altogether excludes the more liberal and comprehensive theory which alone can explain, and which ought to be so used as to regulate, the great credit branch of the currency of this country. Let us be clearly understood. We have not even a leaning towards reckless accommodation, and our only objection to Mr. Laing's criticism of M. Pereire's wholesale principle of lending to all comers, and selling stock to do it, is that it is not severe enough. But when Mr. Laing says—"We have shown why comparatively little importance should in this country be attached to utilizing funds otherwise unfruitful," he commits three grave faults. He goes beyond the functions of an elementary writer on an open question; he very much exaggerates the force of his own arguments; and he unapologetically ignores the weight of those of other and more

* *The Theory of Business.* By John Laing. London: Longmans.

eminent writers. Indeed, considering he quotes against himself in a note Mr. Gilbart, Mr. James Wilson, Mr. McCulloch, and Mr. Bonamy Price, as well as Mr. Macleod, the idea might surely have occurred to him that something more than mere dogmatic statement was necessary from him on such a point. But it is too much the practice in England on financial as well as on theological, and indeed all other, subjects to assume that there is a certain orthodox view which non-controversial writers are not only bound to conform to, but are at liberty to defend by treating very roughly and flippantly all heterodox inquirers. This notion is encouraged by the tone of City authorities. Merchants such as Mr. Thomson Hankey, who might be described as the landed interest of commerce, are ready with "clear and interesting" expositions of their financial ideas. But to read that banking is very easy, if a man "will only learn the difference between a mortgage and a bill of exchange"—interpreted by the *Athenaeum* to mean that a "real bill," whatever that may be, is a mortgage and a so-called bill a kite,—can only remind practical men of Miss Becky Sharp's profound remark, that it is very easy to be good on five thousand a year. It is quite sufficient to upset this easy millionaire's "theory of business" that commerce does not correspond to it in practice. The discouragement of "kites" may be an important department of morals, but until bills of exchange, which are productive acting capital—and not mere acknowledgments of received value and postponed payment—are recognised in monetary science, controlled by central banking arrangements, and treated as a part of the currency of commerce, no really safe and abiding financial system will be arrived at.

This, however, is a large subject, and one upon which we should not have entered but for Mr. Laing's positive treatment of what is really not yet sufficiently settled to be amenable to elementary dogmatism. On almost every other topic Mr. Laing is at once sound, perspicuous, and trustworthy. His readers will find him especially worth consulting in reference to the minting of money and the processes of buying and selling gold. Few things are more simple or less understood. The Mint makes money without any charge, returning £3. 17s. 10½d. for every ounce of gold; but there is trouble, there is delay, and there is loss of interest involved in the process of taking bullion to Tower-hill. The Bank, therefore, becomes virtually the only purchaser of gold for minting and the only customer of the Mint. The Bank, however, pays not £3. 17s. 10½d. but £3. 17s. 9d. to those who bring bullion to Threadneedle-street, and makes its profit on this transaction out of the 1½d. difference. But does the Bank always pay £3. 17s. 9d. whatever is the price of gold in the market? It does. This seems contrary to sound principle, but it has hitherto been thought necessary in order to secure steadiness of value, and may, perhaps, be numbered amongst the inconveniences arising out of the performance of national functions by a private corporation. It is perhaps not so certain, as Mr. Laing seems to think it, that an arrangement allowing the Bank to buy at the price of the day would not contribute to maintain the Bank's stock of bullion, while the invariable value of money would perhaps be sufficiently maintained by the "Mint price." There is undoubtedly an inconsistency in the Bank being allowed to purchase copper and silver at any price people will take, and being virtually kept out of the market for gold whenever it is at a high price and when it is most wanted in the Bank vaults. But it would be answered that all public interests are sufficiently served by the rush of bullion to the Bank when the price falls below £3. 17s. 9d., and that the inconvenience of buying at a price above that of the market only affects the private corporation. The question is large and at the same time microscopic. And Mr. Laing is, on the whole, justified in adhering to the commonly accepted view of it.

Another curious topic is the effect of a double standard, and on this as on many other points Mr. Laing has fruitful recourse to the all-comprehending pages of Mill. The luminous Bastiat, who has always appeared to us to deserve the epithet Chevalier has sometimes received of "the French Cobden," also sheds light on one or two of Mr. Laing's pages, and indeed his reading has evidently been both wide and discriminating. M. Bastiat's celebrated petition of the tallow-chandlers against the free admission of the light of heaven is one of the rarest of economical *jeux d'esprit*, and its appearance in this volume at the present moment suggests a doubt whether English politics might not be much more brightened by humour than they are. Except in the way of sarcasm, we have nowadays little in our public conflicts that even approaches wit, although it must be sufficiently evident that numerous opportunities are afforded for the demure employment of irony, in a manner which would make persistence in many errors of the day exceedingly irksome. The chapter on foreign exchanges will always render this book valuable to men of business who possess themselves of it; and that on profit exactly meets our views of what should be the character of writing intended to expand the views of practical men. The explanation given of the routine and theory of banking is also very serviceably executed. When he gets to the subject of cheques, Mr. Laing repeats his previous mistake, the limitation of the currency to gold and notes. This time he in plain though modest terms repudiates the authority of Mr. Mill and Mr. Fullarton, and will not admit that cheques and bills perform the functions of money. His notion of refuting Mr. Mill is a singular one. For his own part he alleges that the man who takes a bill in payment acts as a capitalist, "postponing fruition," though this does not in the least get rid of the fact that whoever pays with a bill of exchange uses it as money. But Mr. Laing's chief reliance is the Act of 1844. "Granting," says he, "that cheques and bills

are merely bank-notes slightly modified in form, the conclusion would be irresistible that the statute, dealing as it does exclusively with bank-notes, is very defective, elaborately closing, so to speak, one little water-gate, and leaving larger passages entirely unguarded." No one could have stated more clearly the objections generally entertained by economists to Sir Robert Peel's enactment. If Mr. Laing will study Macleod he will find that at least one authority has attempted successfully, or unsuccessfully, or otherwise, to carry to its legitimate practical conclusion the principle which Mr. Mill has laid down. A writer who essays to knock John Stuart Mill down with the Bank Charter Act is singularly careless of his own reputation; but we have great pleasure in repeating that the general contents of the "Theory of Business" are far superior to what might be presumed from Mr. Laing's treatment of this branch of his subject, and in justice to him it must be remembered that there is probably not a man at the board of the Bank of England whose opinions on this head are less unsound or more scientific.

PHYSICAL PSYCHOLOGY.*

THE popular Scotch definition of metaphysics is so generally credited as being a truthful expression of the nature of psychology that until of late years the science of mind has been looked upon as a study of too visionary a character to interest inductive reasoners. Regarded as a confused muddle of unfounded assertions, sesquipedalian technicalities, and unintelligible phraseology, mental science has found little favour in this country, and has made no advance toward the solution of the vast problems more nearly solved by Spinoza than by any of his successors. The tendencies of the age have been so eminently in the direction of objective methods of research, and the desire of philosophers has been so decidedly in favour of "systems" based upon something more substantial than mere mental abstractions, that few have found a fertile field for anything save imagination in the analysis of the human mind. Indeed, the writings of metaphysicians had so encumbered the labours of the student with vague generalizations and unreasonable dogmas, and were of so conflicting and unattractive a nature, that the development of a rational psychology from the established science became impossible. To erect a newer and more solid and impregnable edifice upon the old foundation was out of the question. It became necessary, therefore, to build quite a distinct structure with a basis of an unshifting character. The old metaphysics started with assumptions; the new method should rest upon facts. Those who wished to give the analysis of the mind a proper rank in the sciences, perceived the necessity of clearing away the old rubbish of mysticism which characterizes former attempts, and of accumulating elementary facts and reasoning from them to conclusions in the true inductive method. Mr. Mill was one of the foremost reformers, but his method was not exclusively objective. Mr. Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer followed, and soon a new school of metaphysics appeared. There was, however, an element of no small importance in the estimation of mental evidence which had been less or more neglected by these writers. The physiological and anatomical witnesses had not been thoroughly examined. To sift this portion of the testimony has been the task undertaken by Dr. Maudsley, who considers that the reflective mode of extracting facts is insufficient, and that the objective study of brain-phenomena, in their healthy and morbid conditions, alone furnishes the key to just conclusions.

Dr. Maudsley's treatise is so essentially a medical, though a metaphysical, work, that we cannot be expected to do more than indicate the more striking features which it presents. The book is divided into several chapters; the earlier portions are devoted to an onslaught on the system of analysis now in vogue; then come the more purely psychological observations of the author, and, finally, the subject of morbid psychology, or the investigation of insanity, is very fully dealt with. Dr. Maudsley is a decided opponent of the practice of interrogating self-consciousness in order to explain the nature of mental phenomena. His arguments against this method are very numerous, and, while in some places too dogmatic, are, on the whole, sound and unimpeachable. It must be confessed that his advocacy of the objective method tends very seriously to annihilate the mythical philosophy which has so long held its sway over our minds. If we admit that mental activity can exist without consciousness, it is evident that the testimony of the latter is insufficient to explain all mental processes. It is as Dr. Maudsley states, a fundamental maxim of inductive philosophy to begin with simple instances, and to travel from these to more complex ones in framing generalizations. The interrogation of self-consciousness does not supply those essential conditions. "It is a method which is applicable only to mind at a high degree of development, so that it perforce begins with those most complex instances which give the least certain information, while it passes completely by mind in its lower stages of development, so that it ignores those simpler instances which give the best or surest information." A more forcible objection, however, lies in the fact, that there is a constant appropriation of impressions by the brain independently of consciousness.

"As the various organs of the body select from the blood the material suitable to their nourishment, and assimilate it, so the organ

* The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M.D., Lond., Physician to the West London Hospital. London: Macmillan & Co.

of the mind unconsciously appropriates, through the inlets of the senses, the influences of its surroundings. The impressions which it thus receives and retains do not produce definite ideas and feelings, but they nevertheless permanently affect the mind's nature; so that, as an individual consciously provides his food and then leaves the due assimilation of it to the unconscious action of the organism, in like manner he may consciously arrange the circumstances in which he will live, but cannot then prevent the unconscious assimilation of their influence and the corresponding modification of his character. Not only slight habits of movement are thus acquired, but habits of thought and feeling are imperceptibly organized; so that an acquired nature may ultimately govern one who is not at all conscious that he has changed. Let any one take careful note of his dreams, and he will find that many of the seemingly unfamiliar things with which his mind is then occupied, and which appear to be new and strange productions, are traceable to the unconscious appropriations of the day."

The reasons indicated in these passages sufficiently impugn the value of self-consciousness as a means of discovering the relation of the mental operations, but Dr. Maudsley urges many more which are equally strong. For example, he calls attention to the fact that consciousness gives us no explanation of the mode in which one idea leads on to another. Ideas are not only formed, but they are, as it were, generalized or bound together independently of it, and it gives us no clue to the nature of the process. Further physiology teaches us that the brain not only receives impressions, develops ideas, and associates them independently of consciousness, but absolutely "responds, as an organ of organic life, to the internal stimuli which it receives unconsciously from other parts of the body." Those who have to deal with insanity are acquainted with numerous instances of this unconscious sympathy between the brain and the viscera. In insanity it not unfrequently occurs that the unhealthy state of some internal organ gives rise to a condition of cerebral depression which ultimately resolves itself into actual delusion.

Whatever we may think of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the objective method, there cannot be the faintest doubt that the inner-searching—the interrogation of consciousness, is by no means capable of explaining the nature of mind. It may, therefore, be conceded that Dr. Maudsley has proved the necessity for advertizing to the study of mental phenomena, as they are expressed objectively. The physiological mode forms only one section of the system of psychology. There are other objective guides of a reliable nature. These are (1) the study of the development of mind in the savage, the infant, and the animal. (2) The examination of the degenerate forms of mind, as in cases of insanity and idiocy. (3.) The study of the progress or regress of the human mind as recorded in the pages of history. In the various chapters of his work, Dr. Maudsley discusses these several methods, and brings the results of the most recent physiological inquiries to support his views. Whether these views should be finally accepted or not, we do not say. They are forcibly advanced, and appear to be the result of faultless inductive reasoning. But even if they be granted, there is only one step gained, and that is the proven necessity of the material method.

To estimate the value of the author's attempted solution of the inner working of the mind is no easy matter. In this particular branch of his labours, Dr. Maudsley has not been so felicitous. Aiming at an all but material explanation of mental operations, it seems to us that he stretches too many points; and in basing his arguments on the somewhat unstable conclusions of physiology, that he is too desirous of removing all difficulties. At least this is true of some of his propositions. Nothing short of a Quarterly review could give an adequate conception of the author's opinions as to the relations of the two great divisions of mental faculty—the *perceptual* and the *ideational*—to the organ of which they are the phenomenal expression. Without considering the mind as a secretion from the brain in the same sense as the bile is a secretion from the liver, Dr. Maudsley nevertheless looks upon mind as being simply the expression of the highest form of physical force. Mind, for him, is the energy of the nervous molecules, and its development stands in direct relation to theirs. The nervous system being composed of minute cells and fibres, the author looks upon these as being respectively generators and conductors of force. Hence he supposes the cells of the cerebrum to be the centres of mental force. Each molecule is in a condition of constant energy; it receives impressions from without through the medium of the senses, and these it modifies and communicates to its fellows, thus giving rise to ideas and associating them together.

It is difficult to perceive on what grounds Dr. Maudsley asserts further than hypothetically that these changes occur. Recent research unquestionably supports the conclusion that the cerebral cells—especially those of the eight layers which Mr. L. Clarke has found in the convolutions—have a direct relation to the number of ideas which the brain may be said to be capable of forming, but beyond such a general proposition as this we do not think it wise to go in the present state of science. Therefore, while we highly commend the efforts which Dr. Maudsley has taken to establish a sound method of mental research, we must record our unqualified dissent to so unwarrantably materialistic a solution of the mind-problem as the following:—

"Reflection is then in reality the reflex action of the cells in their relations in the cerebral ganglia; it is the reaction of one cell to a stimulus from a neighbouring cell, and the sequent transference of its energy to another cell—the reflection of it. Attention is the arrest of

the transformation of energy for a moment—the maintenance of a particular *tension*. . . . Subtract the energy of an opposing idea from a more powerful one, and the energy left represents the resultant force of impulse after deliberation; add the energy of a like idea to another, and the sum represents the force of the resolution."

Dr. Maudsley's book displays an amount of metaphysical and physiological erudition which has not hitherto been brought to bear upon the subject. We observe in many instances a degree of prolixity and an avoidance of terseness at once painful and perplexing to the student; but looking at the work in its *tout ensemble*, we must confess that it is one of which modern positive philosophy may well feel proud, and which cannot fail both to encourage the prosecution of metaphysical studies, and to place psychology on a level with the other inductive sciences.

POLITICAL HISTORY.*

If there is any very subtle thread of theory running through these essays, their length has prevented our following it. We are content to accept them as valuable contributions to the study of European history during the last three centuries. M. van Praet, who was, we are informed, for thirty years secretary to the late King of Belgium and minister of his household, shows an amount of study which we should hardly have expected from so high an official. He remarks, with justice, at the close of each essay, that the documents which have been published on the subject of it are important and voluminous, but his allusions to them bear the marks of familiarity. It is true that the works he quotes are principally of Belgian origin. The names of Gachard, Groen van Prinsterer, and Kervyn de Letterhove occur as his chief authorities. But then they are authorities, and if neither the Simancas documents, calendared for England by Bergenroth, nor those edited for Germany by Döllinger, are mentioned in this volume, we have no right to conclude that M. van Praet is ignorant of their contents. He seems to be a student of English, for he cites, and has evidently used, Macaulay and Motley. But his knowledge of German does not appear to be equally large, for he makes but little use of Ranke, and alludes to his books under French titles. It would seem that writers on Charles V. and Richelieu should have been the last to neglect the study of Ranke, for his German History during the Reformation is considered his completest work, and his sketch of Richelieu is the most brilliant episode in his history of France. We must, however, do M. van Praet the justice to say that this objection is not based on his modest disclaimer of historical reading, but on the amount of it which he possesses. He is sufficiently well read to incur higher responsibilities. From those who give us much we require more.

What we most blame in M. van Praet is a hastiness of generalization, that leads him to contradict himself at times and at others to deprive facts of their due prominence. Thus he says, in his introduction, that Henry II. had Thomas à Becket put to death, a statement which, taken quite by itself, is more simple than accurate. Again, he talks at p. 149 of the long struggle which began with the first Lutheran preachings, and was not finally ended till the Peace of Ryswick. Yet surely there were distinct wars during this time, with independent causes and independent objects. The struggle between England and France during the reign of Louis XIV. was not put an end to by the Peace of Ryswick, and it is hard to see what connection it had with the Thirty Years' War, which it had not with the war of the Spanish succession. If M. van Praet means that the Protestant principle was striving against the Catholic principle during this period, we must remember that, by his own showing, at p. 363, William III. combined both Catholic and Protestant nations against a common enemy; and that, at p. 297, Richelieu combated Spain and the Empire with the help of the Protestant Powers. In both these instances the alliances were different, the object was different, the common enemy was different. It is impossible to connect all these things together, and carry all the wars to the same account. In one sense, no doubt they were attributable to the same spirit. The advocates of liberty of conscience wished for liberty of speech. The mass was opposed to tyranny, whether it was religious or political. The various nations of Europe revolted against the supremacy of one monarch. But if we take this view of all the wars of one period, our period will have neither beginning nor end. Whether the European despot is a Charles V., a Louis XIV., or a Napoleon, the other nations will rise up against his rule. Whether the tyranny is that of Spain, Russia, or Austria, sympathies with the oppressed will break out, and will grow into forces. The help given by Richelieu in the seventeenth century to the religious reformers of Germany might be paralleled by that given by Napoleon in the nineteenth to the political reformers of Italy, and the non-intervention of James I. might seem part and parcel of the same policy as that of Lord Malmesbury. M. van Praet, however, is even more hasty about Richelieu himself, and here his generalization leads him into contradiction. He tells us at p. 209 that Richelieu, as well as Charles V., Francis I., Ferdinand II., and Philip II., felt it a duty to make war on the Reformed religion, though, like the first three, he did so with armies and with some military frankness, not like the fourth, with the help of the informer and the executioner. Yet at pp. 296-7 he admits that Richelieu allied himself with the

* Essais sur l'Histoire Politique des Derniers Siècles. Par Jules van Praet. Tome Premier. Bruxelles: Bruylants-Christophe. London: Trübner.

Protestants against their chief enemies ; and at pp. 308-11 he gives the true solution of the siege of Rochelle. Richelieu attacked the Huguenots "as forming an armed party under the military direction of the nobles ; he made war upon them and tried to crush them, without depriving them of the rights which Henry IV. had granted them ; he fought against them in their persons rather than in their beliefs." He wished "to destroy the Reformed religion in France less from a religious feeling than because circumstances which were already of an old date, and had existed from the time of the death of Coligny, had thrown the Huguenots into the ranks of the opposition to the royal power." Now these two passages seriously qualify the former one, in which Richelieu was held up to the execration that must attach to every one who comes into competition with Philip II. Again, M. van Praet tells us that Charles V. left the Spanish armies weakened (*affaiblés*), at the end of his career. Philip II., at the beginning of his career, found them excellent—the best and the best-disciplined in Europe.

Enough, however, of these minor blemishes. We could find more perhaps, if we cared to pursue this vein of criticism, and we might make our readers smile by the compromise suggested by M. van Praet for Charles I. and his opponents. Had he accepted Hampden as leader of the Opposition, we are told, Charles might have saved both his crown and his head. Does the writer think that the constitutional post of leader of his Majesty's Opposition—which we hear of now as an office second only in dignity to that of leader of his Majesty's Government—was possible under the Stuarts ? In those days opposition was treason. The Apostle had declared, in one of the solitary passages which could be quoted, that they who resisted should receive to themselves damnation ; and a prophet, who was not himself obedient to kings, said that rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft. Charles and his spiritual advisers did not think that there was a distinction between the power and the person to whom it was delegated ; did not remember that the rebellion spoken of by Samuel was rebellion by a king, not against a king. And therefore, even if a leader of the Opposition had been recognised, his first attempt to do his duty would have consigned him to the Tower. M. van Praet is happier in his account of the rulers of France and the Netherlands than of the rulers of England, at least till we come to the reign of William III. His sketches of Francis I. and Philip II. show him at his best, and he speaks with condensed severity of Alva's government as "monotonous in its atrocity." Of Francis I. we read—and as we read we see before us the Titian of the Louvre, that magnificent portrait instinct with life and the love of life :—

"To show this brilliant personage in his true light, we must not look upon him in his premature old age—morose, capricious, and sickly ; we must think of him as young, impetuous, hardy ; joyous, adroit, and supple ; with his beaming looks, his smile, his spirits ; the true son of his country and the pride of his country, speaking its exquisite language with all its vivacity, with the incisive gaiety of a true Gaul. Full of animation and imagination, encouraging the ideas of the renaissance and a patron of art, he held a generous belief that art needed protection quite as much as it needed independence, and, in his fervid love of genius, he propped on his breast the dying head of Leonardo. As brave, as polished, as Henry IV., but less politic, less prudent, and more attractive ; as gallant as Louis XIV., while franker and more warlike, he presents the pleasing contrasts of one who was at once a soldier, an ardent follower of the chase, a man of pleasure and an epicurean, yet who was fond of study and an assiduous lover of letters, who dreamt of being celebrated by Ariosto, read Thucydides, and offered hospitality to Erasmus."

The picture of Philip II. demands very different colours :—

"Directing the management of all his domains himself, without ever revealing his leading thought ; governing by letter, and giving tardy orders which he neither explained nor justified ; not allowing any one to speak of the future or to give a word of advice ; deciding painfully on all questions without taking counsel from any but himself ; signifying his resolutions by a marginal note, prolix and almost illegible, scribbled on a despatch ; having the pretension of imposing his will on the world at large by tracing a few letters on a paper, and sending out couriers ; and thus complacently living on in his want of information, his insensibility, his inaction, his torpor, his exaggeration of all his natural failings ;—such was the system adopted by Philip for preserving, managing, and defending the noble inheritance left him by his father. And thus he employed the half-century which separates his accession from that of his son—the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis from that of Vervins, the battle of Saint-Quentin from the battle of Nieuport, the Spain which was glorious from the Spain which was degraded. . . . Had Philip, when he ascended the throne, formed any vigorous resolution of any kind whatsoever—that of making war on the France of the Valois, or on reformed Germany, or on the Reformed religion itself, wherever it was established ; had he avowed any ambition, and shown any courage ; had he openly followed out his idea, and devoted to it all the persistency of his will, all his faculties and those of his servants, he would occupy a very different place in history. History respects all sincere and lofty convictions, as she respects every example of great courage. The man whom she reproaches in Philip, and that with a severity which is perhaps excessive, is not the conscientious opponent of the Reformation, the old institutions of the Netherlands, or the independence of Germany—not even the despot devoted to the success of a theory. What she loathes in him is the mysterious procedure of the monarch in the exercise of his power, his want of courage and sincerity in the accomplishment and the avowal of his most important actions. She reproaches him for having hypocritically tampered with the liberties of his subject peoples instead of having suppressed them ; for having been a conspirator rather than a soldier ; for having preferred civil war to war itself, and

for not having taken part in either. She detests him for his petty despotism, his cold cruelty, his taste for clandestine tortures ; for his instructions, which were purposely obscure, so as to throw the responsibility on those who had to execute them ; for his contradictory orders, which were destined to embarrass and compromise those who received them. This is the reason why history makes so profound a distinction between two Governments alike despotic and alike severe."

And this is the reason why M. van Praet draws the same distinction. We think the two passages we have translated will show that he speaks with some authority, and that he has the power of gathering up the threads of incident, and the traits of political character, which is essential to the historical essayist.

THE TWIN RECORDS OF CREATION.*

THERE are few occupations a greater waste of time than attempts at the so-called reconciliation of Geology and Genesis. The motive they spring from is excellent—a desire to prove harmony between divine records ; but to believe on *a priori* grounds in that harmony, while we confess our ignorance of the details, is much more the part of wisdom. That there must be concord is evident ; but who, in the present state of ignorance and religious prejudice on the question, is qualified impartially to carry out the investigations by which it may be discovered ? And, were the judge never so impartial, can it reasonably be expected that he should easily succeed in balancing probabilities between a volume so full of particulars as that of Geology, and such a brief summary of the work of Creation as the first chapter of Genesis ? The mistake the reconcilers make is in supposing they have a revealed volume on Creation, whereas they hardly have so much as a table of contents—no more than a table in allegory. Concede to the Mosaic narrative all that is claimed for it—that without doubt it was written by Moses, that its words are the dictation of the Holy Spirit, that we have these words exactly as they were divinely uttered, and that we know the precise literal meaning of each—still the whole may be a metaphor which no human wisdom, in the present state of knowledge, can penetrate. The reconcilers acknowledge that the language, to some extent, is figurative—that "days" mean ages, and that "darkness," in certain passages, denotes no more than the light of the sun shut out by clouds—but such ground once touched, how can we limit the bounds to which speculation may run ? The best interpretations are little better than the rudest guesses at truth—certainly not conclusions to be paraded and boasted of as "perfect harmony and wonderful concord." The Mosaic narrative, to use an illustration, is a cipher which has a key ; but so accurately must that key fit into every ward and turn of the lock, that, once discovered, even the most sceptical person should be forced to admit, without a moment's hesitation, that it is *the* true solution of the mystery. When a key is found, which will command such assent, we may believe in reconciliations of Genesis and Geology ; but certainly nothing of the kind has yet been publicly made known.

For reasons such as these we have but little faith in books which carry titles like that of Mr. Le Vaux's "Twin Records of Creation." The writers generally approach the question with a strong religious bias in the direction of a foregone conclusion. Like the lawyer who has his brief given him, they labour to find the best arguments to uphold a given thesis, and do not, as the philosopher should, investigate what the thesis *is* to which the facts lead. In that respect Mr. Le Vaux's book is not superior to its predecessors in the field. The remarkable peculiarity of this author is that he combines an unbounded admiration of Science with an unbounded admiration of the Written Record. The two impulses are balanced to a nicety ; and the consequence is that difficulties which to minds less evenly poised would be serious, find immediate solutions of the happiest kinds. The six days of creation are, according to Mr. Le Vaux's views, in common with those of other reconcilers, six ages ; and the seventh is man's reign on earth—the epoch of the Alluvial Deposits. These six days, with the portion of the seventh that has run, make up six millions of years—nearly an average of a million years for each day. It will be seen that this period is sufficient to satisfy the demands of the most enthusiastic geologist ; and so far the theory is highly scientific. The literalists of course, who insist that, when Moses wrote a "day," he meant a day of twenty-four hours, cannot accept it ; but literalists are fast becoming an extinct species, at least as regards the first chapter of Genesis ; and the commonly accepted opinion now is that the solution of the difficulty is in ages or nowhere.

To confirm the truth of the remarks we have made as to the difficulty of *proving* harmony, although we may *believe in* harmony, it will be sufficient to select a few particulars of Mr. Le Vaux's scheme of creation. If the result be that we must conclude that he has failed in proving that "there is no discordance, no contradiction, but, on the contrary, the most perfect harmony and identity in the records of Inspiration and Science," the fault may be more in the nature of things than in the author. His theory is ingenious enough, but he sets it forth with such dogmatic assertion and mag-niloquent display of words, that a suspicion is raised that it may be seriously deficient in the better quality of sound argument. In truth, the suspicion is not without foundation, for the theory does not account for all the Scripture facts, nor is it always in

* The Twin Records of Creation ; or, Geology and Genesis : Their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord. By George W. Victor Le Vaux. London : Lockwood & Co.

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harmony with scientific facts. In a qualified form Mr. Le Vaux adopts the nebular hypothesis of the origin of the sun and planets, for he considers that the first verse of Genesis refers to the creation of "worlds and systems of various proportions" out of the "gas or ether diffused through immensity." We say, "in a qualified form;" for he evidently does not mean that this gas *rolled itself* into worlds, but that it was *rolled* by an act of creative power. He thus avoids touching dangerous ground, while all this gas remains available to bridge the chasm between the dawn of creation and "the First Day." He does not venture to speculate how wide the chasm was. The interval must have been enormous in which the incandescent gas surged and swayed, burned, exploded, combined, divided, solidified, and eventually became round worlds cooling down to the present condition of the earth and planets. Then came the First Day, when the earth had reached a temperature—of course less than 212° Fahrenheit—which admitted of the formation of water. Of what kind, then, was this first day? There is first the Bible account, and then, at least in Mr. Le Vaux's imagination, the scientific account; and these have to be reconciled. What says each? In the Bible we are told that "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and moreover, that on that day "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Now let us hear Science through her interpreter, Mr. Le Vaux. First of all he admits that the sun was in existence on that day, and not only so, but for ages before, in the bridging chasm of time to which we have referred. But if so, how is this fact to be reconciled with the statement in Genesis that light was created on the first day? Nothing easier to the reconciler. The earth had been buried in clouds of steam "miles on miles in thickness," so dense and deep that every ray of sunlight was excluded—a condition of the primitive globe which a London fog helps one to realize—and caused darkness to be upon the face of the deep. The first Scripture statement being so happily explained, the second can be disposed of as an immediate consequence. We are told that God's words, "Let there be light," were simply a divine command to the clouds to become less dense and allow some of the sun's light to penetrate them. It was simply a lightening of the fog, not its dissipation; for, according to the reconciler's theory, the sun itself was not seen, the vapours had not dispersed until the fourth day—a much later age, when God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament, &c."

Now, in order to ascertain if this be reconciliation of the twin records, let us examine, from Mr. Le Vaux's point of view, this foggy hypothesis of a primitive earth. He tells us that, when the earth had cooled down sufficiently to allow of the formation of water, the crust was still so hot that up the water went again in steam. This may be scientific explanation; but, if we mistake not, it is rather a contradiction. Confounding cause and effect, he says, "the very hot and comparatively thin crust caused the great deep to boil as a monster cauldron," which sent up "steam miles on miles in thickness." The singular thing is, that this hot thin crust should have quietly allowed the water first to accumulate in the "monster cauldron," and then should have taken a sudden fit of boiling it back into steam. If it was hot enough to boil the cauldron, assuredly it was hot enough to prevent the filling of the cauldron; and Mr. Le Vaux's foggy world is a creature, not of nature, but of his own imagination. But the theory breaks down on another point as to which its author's ideas are equally misty. He tells us that on this first day there was "no atmosphere." If so, the steam surrounding the earth was certainly transparent, as it is within the boiler of a steam-engine before it is brought into contact with air. Every scientific person knows, or should know, that clouds and fog are composed of watery vesicles dropped from the air by condensation; and, such being a fact, if there was no air—"no atmosphere"—on the first day, where were the fogs? Nowhere but in the reconciler's imagination.

But the singularity of this proof of harmony does not end here. Mr. Le Vaux finds in the fossil remains of the first inhabitants of this globe, evidence of the non-existence of an atmosphere. They are, some of them at least, devoid of both organs of hearing and seeing; and, as the latter is a proof of the reality of the fogs, so is the former of there being no atmosphere. Without air there cannot be sound, he says; therefore, of what use could it be to have ears. All this, of course, helps to reconcile; but Mr. Le Vaux now and then becomes highly poetic, and forgets, as in the following passage, the conditions of the imaginary world he is describing. Believing that there was no air, and therefore no sound, he yet finds volcanoes making a "furious uproar."

"All was calm and still—calm as the silence of the grave—not a breath disturbed the stillness of the scene—not a sunbeam cheered the gloom profound—not a sound was uttered on earth or sea. Creation slept in the womb of Nature—all was peaceful and motionless—silent as death, *excepting* where, with furious uproar, molten matter was vomited forth by central violence."

A very odd world indeed! A remarkable instance of the exception proving the rule! And this is the "unerring evidence of science" by which "perfect harmony and wonderful concord" is proved. Very odd that there should have been no atmosphere round a globe formed out of gaseous matter, of which oxygen and nitrogen must have been no small portion. But Mr. Le Vaux says that the materials of air existed, but they had not united, the conclusion to be drawn from which statement evidently is that Mr. Le Vaux believes air to be oxygen and nitrogen in chemical union—an opinion not generally accepted among chemists. He tells us that—

"There was no water or air on the surface of the earth for many a long age after its creation, and although the elements of both existed and intermingled, still the heat—intense beyond all conception—was so great as to totally destroy their tendency to unite. . . . The terrific heat evolved during the process of chemical union was so inconceivably intense as to exclude the total possibility of the formation of water or air."

In our opinion, at this period there was air, and there was sound; and on the first day, when the cooling allowed the formation of water, there was air such as we now breath, of a higher temperature of course, also much more charged with water, but, as in the present day, at one time transparent, at another laden with dense clouds "miles on miles in thickness," if any one pleases so to say. The water was taken up as now by the atmosphere in invisible vapour, soon after to be dropped from clouds in terrific showers of rain. But there were intervals of sunshine; and some other key must be discovered better calculated to explain the Scripture cipher than that of an everlasting cloudy envelope for ages shutting out the sun's light from the entire surface of earth.

VERSES, GOOD AND BAD.*

THERE ought to be a tax upon poetry. The existing levy upon the powdered heads of footmen might be transferred to the issue from the teeming heads of our rhymesters, and the world would be saved a great deal of printed nonsense. A bad book is an impertinence. A man has no right to make a deliberate fool of himself and of as many people as may have the misfortune of buying his volume. He obtains our attention under false pretensions and deprives us at once of time and of temper. If we consider the hours he has himself wasted in brain-cudgelling and thought-hunting, and then sum up the result, we may arrive at the conclusion, that of all existing things, the most difficult to discover the use of is a thoroughly bad poet. But there is a kind of writing which cannot be characterized as poetry, and which, while pitched above the level of prose, keeps the higher ground with an amount of respectable ability that saves it from being intolerable. This we should also tax. Ornamental literature is at best very trying, and should be reserved, like the reputed books of the Queen, for private circulation. We have no objection to a poet doing for himself "in confidence" what the attorney in "Pickwick" reported as a daily custom of the Chancellor's, but when the spectacle is public, and forced upon us, we are grieved to witness it. Why is it that people think it easy to write poetry, and will not understand that of all undertakings there is none so inaccessible to ninety-nine human beings out of a hundred? We have never heard the question adequately answered; but of this we are certain, that criticism will no more destroy the inclination than advice will prevent a man from falling in love. A really bad poet is inveterate. The more he is critically sat upon, the more irrepressible he proves himself. He may be indeed consigned to notoriety instead of to oblivion, and at last become famous through his abundant stupidity. At present we have not to deal with any of this class. The first book upon our list belongs to a category of a more irritating kind. The writer is not a poetaster, and is not a poet, and still writes occasionally verses of a delicate and a musical sort. The text, taken from Wordsworth, and placed after the title of the volume, is indicative of much of what follows. "Poetry . . . takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." Unfortunately there is more tranquillity than poetry or emotion in the "Afterglow." Not that there is an entire absence of poetic feeling and instinct, but the light is feeble, and the muse totters in an uncertain and vexatious fashion. The "Afterglow" is Wordsworth and water, Wordsworth with an undue proportion of the Lake, Wordsworth as he sang of "Betty Foy," and "We are Seven." In the third poem of the "Afterglow," headed "The Poet Requires Sympathy," we find the singer compared to a snail who "puts forth his feeling-horn," and who retires into his dwelling if deprived of the "kind touch of sympathy." Now this is not consistent with the received opinion as to the habits of a snail, and when we are afterwards informed that a "touch of sympathy" endows the same vivacious creature with "eagle's wings" on which he "soars to the heavenly source of things" we are inclined to imagine that the author of the "Afterglow" asks us to believe a little too much.

"In Suffolk fifty years ago,
How altered are the times!
There lived, as few will care to know,
A certain Tommy Grimes."

We are responsible for the italics in the above, but in order to be fair to the book, we extract the following very tender sonnet:—

"OLD LETTERS."

A box of sweetest music is that case,
Filled with the song of those who sing no more,
Save in the records of this sacred store,

* The Afterglow. Songs and Sonnets. London: Smith & Elder.
The Children of the Lake. By Edward Sallisbury. London: John Murray.
A Wreath of Shamrocks. By "Leo." Dublin: Robert S. M'Gee.
The Millennium; or, the New Golden Age. London: Adams & Francis.
Rustic Poems. By Joseph Verney. London: Elliot Stock.
Oscar. By J. H. R. Bayley, F.C.P. London: Thomas Murby.

By their dear hand-marks. Ah, what cherished grace,
With pale-voiced echo floats across the space
Of Time's encroaching sea, as slowly o'er
I turn the speaking paper, and restore
Love's fragments to their old familiar place!
Yet seldom have I needed to unfold
Those outer leaves which keep the thoughts apart,
For mostly hath a glance my memory told
Of all within, so, like the electric smart,
Let but the hand the fading scripture hold,
And all its spirit rushes on the heart."

"The Children of the Lake" is better than the "Afterglow." Mr. Sallesbury has a genuine emotional sympathy with nature, and can apply to scenery those expressive terms which warm and colour it, and bring it nearer to us personally. He is, in short, no mean proficient in what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy":—

"The sun
Has set,—its glory and its trouble both
Are passing after it; and now there comes
That blessed truce between the day and night
When God's peace of the twilight yet arrests
The parting of the two."

Here he writes well without the "fallacy." On the whole we are bound to except Mr. Sallesbury's book from the rubbish usually shot in upon us under the name of poetry.

If the author of the "Wreath of Shamrocks" is not at present under arrest for his Fenian tendencies, it is certainly through no fault of his. Possibly he may be harmless enough in private, but the Tyrtæan element is predominant in his little book. And for all its taint of treason it is not an unpleasant little book. It reflects well and truly the feeling amongst a certain set of Irishmen, and now and then there is an undertone of melancholy and affecting sensibility going through the verses which amply compensates for a few shortcomings in the way of metre, or even of grammar. There is far more of the real constituents of poetry in it than in either the "Afterglow" or the "Children of the Lake." And here, we might remark, accepting the "Wreath of Shamrocks" as representative of the opposite side to "Orangeism," that, where the latter is rabid, stupid, and nonsensical, as exemplified in the Poet Young, in the former treason is put in a fascinating, tolerant, and intelligent shape, which would by an outsider render it incomparably preferable to the loyalty of Orangemen. Of course the Saxon comes in for it, but no Saxon could feel over vexed at being railed at so eloquently in his own language, and in a manner which demonstrates that the gentleman indulging in it must have been a sound student of the authors whose countrymen he curses as Kehama cursed. Mr. Casey forgets that he owes something to us. The "Wreath of Shamrocks" is not free from what Mr. Casey would possibly consider the blemish of a rose-bud. Yet the verses have a distinct nationality, and we would recommend them to any of our readers who might be curious to learn the poetry which lies in Fenianism, and which even the figure of "General" Massey fainting when touched on the shoulder by a constable, and afterwards industriously informing on his companions, cannot eliminate.

It was a lady who wrote the "Millennium," we are certain of it, although there is only circumstantial evidence for the conclusion, and she is a young lady also. We sincerely hope she will give up writing this miserable stuff:—

"Why ebbs Desire's sweet impulse, late so bright—
Now, languid, sinking—quelled its fount's delight?"

We cannot pretend to discover the meaning of the "Millennium." If Dr. Cumming had gone mad after reading "Lalla Rookh" he might have composed similar nonsense.

"Rustic Poems" is a weak collection of verses. The writer made the mistake of thinking that if he found rhymes poetry would come of itself, but poetry seldom does. There is a bid for the working man in the tone of "Rustic Poems," but we suspect the working man will not accept those offerings. Mr. Verey resembles Mr. Buchanan in many respects, but not in those particulars which render Mr. Buchanan attractive.

The author of "Oscar" is represented apparently with a tooth-ache in the frontispiece of his book. He writes an address to "patrons and the public," in which he thanks "the upper and the middle classes of society in connection with the literary circles of the British Isles and Court of France" for their support, "and for the clearing out of the former edition of the present work, when it had only reached the second canto." Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Bright, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Bishop of Lichfield, are among the list of patrons. As far as we read—not far, we confess—we think Mr. Bayley should receive a pension as well as Mr. Young. He is quite as much entitled to it, and perhaps more so, for he is a trifle duller.

NEW NOVELS.*

AMONG the peculiarities which distinguish that large and daily-increasing class of novel-writers whose ambition seldom extends

* Elinor Dryden's Probation. By K. S. Macquoid, Author of "Hester Kirton," "Chesterford," "A Bad Beginning," &c. Three vols. London: Charles J. Skeet.

Hamperton, the Financier. By Morley Farrow, Author of "No Easy Task." Three vols. Same Publisher.

beyond the shelves of a circulating library, boldness holds a very prominent place. The author relies upon finding in his reader as utter an insensibility to the ridiculous as he possesses himself, and feels tolerably secure from adverse criticism. It is of no consequence that his descriptions of human life are quite unlike what human life ever was, or ever will be; or that the hero and heroine whom he trots out to overthrow vice, reward virtue, and bring happiness to true lovers, have again and again served the same purpose. The author has to get to the end of his third volume, with a brace or two of marriages; and his readers will like him not a whit the less because he rushes along a path trodden hard by his predecessors. "Elinor Dryden's Probation" is one of those courageous undertakings which labour under no disadvantages from any attempts at originality. It is simply a romance, and contains little that has not been frequently met with before in other romances. This will become at once apparent when we mention that the principal personages in the tale are a proud squire, a faithful gamekeeper, an orphan boy whose beauty is only equalled by his haughty demeanour; a spirited young lady, a meek young lady, two or three old ladies, clergymen, attached servants, villagers, &c. Mr. Dryden, the squire, is deficient in none of those qualities which generally adorn the middle-aged heroes of romance. He has the conventional, haughty, and stern expression of countenance. Half of his existence seems to be passed on horseback in his park; the other half in his writing-room, where he devotes himself to the preparation of voluminous despatches bearing mysterious superscriptions. Mr. Dryden would bid fair to be a dull character at any time, but he is surrounded by circumstances which render him an insufferably tedious one. Almost at the very opening of the volume he appears as a childless widower whose marriage had turned out unhappily. He determines to nominate his niece, Elinor Marsham as his heiress, subject to certain conditions, and has the young lady to live with him. Elinor Dryden, as she is now called—during her wanderings in the woods attached to her uncle's house at Flairs—meets with the hero, Maurice Karse, the *protégé* of the gamekeeper, who is in beauty and mind everything that the hero of a novel should be. Elinor gets up a sort of flirtation with the youth, and seeks every opportunity she can find of meeting him. The uncle, on the other hand, manifests the greatest dislike for the lad, and commands that he should avoid his presence. A fever shortly afterwards breaking out in the neighbouring village, has the effect not only of converting Mr. Dryden into a sort of general parish nurse, but so softens his feelings towards Maurice, that he undertakes his education, and sends him to London. Here Maurice and Elinor meet and fall in love with one another. Elinor's father, the scoundrel of the book, however, thinks that by getting his daughter to marry a Mr. Fisher he will spite Mr. Dryden, and so arranges that Elinor, whose affections are of a very accommodating nature, transfers her love from Maurice to Mr. Fisher, and leaves her sister, to whom Mr. Fisher had already engaged himself, heart-broken. Maurice, with equal ease and rapidity, becomes over head and ears in love with Cecil Brownlow, the daughter of the Flairs clergyman. After this, matters soon reach a climax. Elinor so disgusts her uncle by her mendacity and extravagance, that the squire declares her to have broken the conditions on which he had made her his heiress, writes for Maurice and acknowledges him to be his son. Notwithstanding a great deal of staginess in the book before us, it is by no means entirely unworthy of commendation. The style is, if a little florid here and there, remarkably easy. The characters are arranged so as to present a very effective contrast, such as the gentle, loving nature of Cecil, which compares admirably with the shallow and unprincipled heartlessness of Elinor. The moral, too, teaches a valuable, if an old lesson. The uprightness and constancy of Cecil are rewarded with those riches, in the disposal of which novelists are so generous. Elinor meets with the punishment she had deserved, and Mr. Fisher, having jilted both sisters, is very properly left out in the cold.

The author of "John Hamperton the Financier" possesses quite as much boldness as the writer of the last novel, but it is boldness of a very different kind. Mr. Macquoid fearlessly laid hold of very old materials and used them with a fair amount of discretion; Mr. Farrow, on the other hand, with equal fearlessness, strikes out new paths for himself, and wanders hopelessly in the maze of his own creation. There are quite as many love-affairs in this novel as in the preceding one, but here the course of true love is, in addition to the impediments it ordinarily meets with, considerably influenced by the state of the money market. There are at least two heroes in the novel; but taking them in their order, we are introduced to a Mr. Robert Evershed, the owner of a property which had been sadly encumbered by his ancestors, whose unfortunate hospitality seems to have been partly owing to the age in which they lived, and partly to the strength of their digestive organs. "Indigestion was not much known in those days, and the Eversheds never had an attack to warn them against over-indulgence." Robert Evershed is in love with Sibylla Proby, but as he has "devoted his life to setting the Evershed property free from encumbrances," matters do not get beyond mutual declarations of love. The other hero, Lester Temple, whose "destiny is Haystone, Hertfordshire," is, like Evershed, in love, but differs from him by being wealthy. In a little time, however, Temple finds himself penniless and driven to accept a situation as tutor in the private family of a Mr. Bryant, where his emoluments are to be £250 a year, with the privilege of flirting with his employer's daughters. Here he succeeds in obtaining the affections of one of the young ladies, Georgine Bryant, by playing difficult pieces of music and touching up her drawings. Whilst matters are in this state, Mr. John Hamperton,

a London solicitor, and the promoter of endless companies, begins to operate upon the fortunes of the young people. Sibylla Proby, with the view of overcoming Evershed's objections to matrimony, allows Hamperton to prevail upon her father to embark in promising speculations, and having lost everything in them, the old man dies, and Sibylla goes as governess in Mr. Bryant's family. There she meets Evershed, who has succeeded to a large property, and is the accepted lover of her employer's eldest daughter. After some delays, necessary for the purpose of perpetrating a murder, explaining a secret marriage, and getting rid of a mysterious stranger, matters right themselves in the marriage of the proper parties, and the exposure and ruin of Hamperton. We cannot part with this book without doing Mr. Farrow the justice of saying that his originality and independence do not confine themselves to the mere plot, but achieve certain remarkable novelties in the way of orthography. We do not find fault with him for speaking of "characteristics being subtilely commingled" (vol. i. p. 16), as he may consider a disregard of the ordinary rules of spelling more or less necessary; but when he indulges in the expression "facial muscles" more than once, we cannot help thinking that the repeated display of erudition is somewhat needless.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF DON CARLOS.*

ABOUT eighty years ago, Schiller's "Don Carlos" was attracting the attention of the whole of Germany, and the controversy to which it then gave rise has rendered it famous in the history of German literature. In the present year, "Don Carlos" has again become prominent, and, wedded to the music of Verdi, seems likely to give rise to a musical controversy of some duration, and is certain to attract the attention of all opera-loving Europe.

Schiller allowed some years to intervene between the commencement and the completion of his "Don Carlos," a fact which fully accounts for that want of unity of purpose which is observable throughout the work. He set out with the intention of composing a purely domestic drama, in which that opposition to authority which was such a favourite theme with the poet in his earlier works was to be represented in the unhappy relations existing between Philip and his son, and the unfortunate love of Don Carlos for his mother was to give a tragic colouring to the plot. The first three acts, conceived in this spirit, were, in the year 1785, published in the *Thalia*, a famous magazine of the period, and it was not till two years later that the play was brought out in the form in which it now appears in Schiller's works; during the interval a change had come over the ideas of the poet; Carlos had sunk from the chief place and the Marquis had become the poet's favourite character—a change which at once transformed the domestic play into an historical drama; the son's opposition to his father gives place to grander topics, and the opposing influences are now cosmopolitanism personified in the Marquis and statecraft represented by the King; the conflict is now between reason and natural right on the one hand and absolute rule on the other—between humanity and despotism. To trace the incongruities occasioned by such a method of treating his subject would occupy more space than we have at our disposal, so that we shall content ourselves with such a slight allusion as we have made to the subject, and pass on to the consideration of Mr. Egan's translation.

The only other translation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" into English verse with which we are acquainted is that published in Bohn's English edition of Schiller's works; it is the production of a Mr. Boylan, and though very creditably done, it cannot for a moment rank with Coleridge's famous version of "Wallenstein" nor with Mellish's "Mary Stuart," so that we have no hesitation in pronouncing that there was room for another translation of "Don Carlos" when Mr. Egan set to work on his version, and we have still less hesitation in saying that Mr. Egan has by no means filled up the vacant space, and that when he made up his mind to undertake the task, he followed the inspiration of no friendly spirit. While he has translated many passages in a manner that would be creditable enough to a schoolboy, and perhaps carry him to the top of his class (if it only contained himself and a little boy), the blunders in many other passages are so egregious that they would secure the said schoolboy a sound caning.

On reading the first few pages of this translation, we are struck with astonishment that any one so unskilled in verse-making should have attempted such an arduous task as an English version of what he himself considers Schiller's masterpiece; as we read on, our astonishment is intensified by finding the translator from time to time mistaking the sense of his author in a manner for which we can find no excuse, for whatever obscurity there may be in the action of the drama and the motives which influence certain of the characters, the language of the original is distinguished throughout by its noble simplicity; and our astonishment at length changes into indignation when we find him with a lazy avoidance of elementary vocabularies, and a disregard for the feelings of the public, which they never fail to repay as it deserves, giving "lighter" as the English equivalent of the German word "leichter," which any novice at the language would tell him means "easier;" and, apparently intent only on getting a word to suit his metre, rendering "erbitten" by the word "ask," and thus failing to convey the sense of success implied in the little prefix "er." The English language in its present state, however, is inadequate to give

expression to the glowing thoughts which rush through our translator's brain—he must recall a word or two that have become obsolete; the word "approval" is too commonplace, he must have some word more suited to the dignity of blank verse, such a successful line as,—

"Unconscious that she reverence compelled,
must have a fit companion, so he writes

"While never dreaming of her own 'approof.'"

"Spain" sounds vulgar; he immediately coins the more melodious Spania. The antiquated, and, to our mind, inelegant word "complot," seems to find great favour with the translator. At p. 141, the King thus concludes a speech:—

"Had the complot been
At that time ripe, the saint had lost his odour."

Alba seems so struck with the felicity of the expression, that he can do no more than exclaim:—"Complot?" This being a translation from the German, that language must contribute some new words to enrich a language which has served to clothe the thoughts of a Shakespeare—a fine opportunity occurs; the King has ordered the Marquis to be sent for, the Marquis enters on the scene, and, in some (in the original) very fine lines, soliloquizes on the strange accident which is to give him an opportunity of pleading the cause of liberty before the despot—the translator thus renders the concluding line of the soliloquy:—

"To be or not—'tis one! In this belief—
I'll handle."

When we first read this passage we were puzzled, but on referring to the original we found that "handle" replaced the German word "handeln," and can any one doubt that the verb "to act" will henceforth be regarded as inadmissible in English verse? The German is famed for its compound words, the translator resolves to enrich his native language in this respect also, and his success appears from the following passage (p. 78), where Alba, speaking of his sword says that it

"Traced the bloody furrows to receive
For this half-world the seed-corn of belief."

A new edition of Webster has clearly become indispensable! The translator regards English grammar with all the contempt it deserves; he has made some fine innovations—but in past participles he has been peculiarly happy, as the reader may judge from the following lines:—

"We are alone. And etiquette's sad wall
Between the father and the son broke down."

"I have awoke."
"The sun
Hath twice arose and twice hath set again."

"Destroy what I have wrote."

Though "broke" and "awoke" were formerly in use as past participles, they do not appear to us so euphonious as to render their revival commendable, while "wrote" and "arose" are quite inadmissible. Mr. Egan appears to dislike the common objective case of "who," e.g., at p. 253 the following harmonious phrase occurs:—"Who ask'st thou?" After such glaring defects as the foregoing have been pointed out, the reader may be inclined to let pass such expressions as "not unavenged deceived" (p. 111) and "much moveables" (p. 273), where the legal term "personal property" would have been hardly less appropriate and poetical; but it does strike us as too satirical on the part of the translator to make the charming Princess Eboli speak of virtue as a "scarecrow," and in the last scene the translator shows his want of appreciation of the sweetly feminine character of the fair Queen of Spain, when he makes her address Don Carlos in these words:—

"Rise, we will not
Unman each other, Carl."

We have been unable to satisfy ourselves whether or not Mr. Egan is aware of the existence of Mr. Boylan's version of "Don Carlos," but we must do him the justice of entirely acquitting him from the charge of having derived any benefit from the labours of his predecessor. In some few instances we find a line or two identical or nearly so in both versions, but the inference of plagiarism from such close resemblance would be unjust and unreasonable, since on comparing them with the original we find that in such instances both versions render Schiller quite literally. Want of space forbids us to do more than quote a line or two from each translation. Upon comparing Mr. Egan's—

"Shall I
A maniac! give away a plucked-off leaf
From that fair flower's chalice?"

with Mr. Boylan's,—

"Shall I tear
One petal from this sweet, this lovely flower
With reckless hand, and mar its beauteous chalice?"

and Mr. Egan's,—

"What sees so sharp, so deep? What else except
The falcon-glance of love?"

with Mr. Boylan's,—

* Don Carlos, Infant of Spain. Translated from the German of Schiller. By Thomas Selby Egan, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.

"The eagle eye of love
Alone could pierce so far"—

we think the reader will agree with us that our translator has by no means improved upon his predecessor.

In his endeavour to carry out the intention announced at the beginning of the book, of combining "an order of words sufficiently close to the text to be useful to the learner of German, with an approach to the metre of the original sufficient to make it readable," the translator produces a rickety kind of verse, with an order of words so inverted and distorted that we are strongly reminded of the famous scene in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," where M. Jourdain consults his maître de philosophie on the composition of some verses to a lady of rank, of whom he has become enamoured; the master, to please his elderly pupil, rings the changes on the words, "Belle marquise, vos beaux yeux me font mourir d'amour," and at length delights the bourgeois by informing him that the natural order of the words as originally suggested by him, was better than any of the inverted forms. Our translator does not appear to have learnt this lesson; but he seems to take for gospel the declaration of the maître de philosophie that "tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers," for it is only in that sense that the majority of his lines can be called "vers."

Before concluding, we think it our duty to recommend Mr. Egan, if he will persist in his noble ambition of being "useful to the learner of German," to confine himself to prose word-for-word versions in the style of Dr. Giles's classical encouragements to idleness, and we can promise him success in that humble line only on condition that he will, before entering on his task, bind himself by a solemn oath laboriously to turn up in his lexicon any word with regard to the meaning of which he has the slightest doubt, and to resolve to feel doubt whenever a German word bears such a strong resemblance to an English word as "leicht" does to "light." Even Mr. Egan must feel that we have devoted too much space to his worthless translation; but if we have gained his gratitude by turning his ambition into a more modest but less dangerous path, we shall rest satisfied with the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Popular Science Review, for April, opens with an article on "Insect Embryogeny." The next paper, "On the Struggle for Existence amongst Plants" is highly interesting, and shows us how much incident there is in vegetable life, and how near to truth were some of the pleasant exaggerations of the once famous "Botanic Garden." It appears that European plants possess a strength and a fecundity which enables them to strangle and overrun the natives of a virgin foreign soil, and that in Australia and New Zealand they are increasing as rapidly as the tide of emigration. The dock, the sow-thistle, and the watercress, are spread over large areas of the latter country, and the watercress has become so abundant in the still rivers as to threaten to choke them altogether. "In the Avon, a deep stream running through Christ Church, the annual cost of keeping the river free for boat navigation and for purposes of drainage, exceeds £300." Stems have been measured twelve feet long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The white clover is likewise displacing the native grasses, and many similar instances are adduced and established on satisfactory evidence. "This subject," writes Dr. Hooker, "of the comparative great *vis-vita* of European plants as compared with those of other countries, involves problems of the highest interest in botanical science, and the subject is as novel as it is interesting; it is quite a virgin one, and requires the calmest and most unprejudiced judgment to treat it well. It cannot be doubted that the progress of civilization in Europe and Asia has, whilst it has led to the incessant harassing of the soil, led also to the abundant development of a class of plants, annual, biennial, and perennial, which increase most rapidly and obtain a greater development when transplanted to the southern hemisphere, than they have hitherto done in the northern, and that, in this respect, they contrast strikingly with the behaviour of plants of the southern hemisphere when transplanted to the northern, and hitherto no considerations of climate, soil, or circumstance, have sufficed to explain this phenomenon." Mr. Chambers's paper on "How to Study Meteorology" is designed, as he says, to meet such remarks as the following:—"I am rather interested in meteorology; I have got plenty of time on my hands; if I knew what to do, and how to do it, I would try and make myself useful to the cause of science;" and very happily does the paper bring out clearly and popularly the practical details required by such an aspirant. "On Sensitive Flames," by W. F. Barrett, the lecturer on natural science at the International College, is a deeply-interesting paper on a very curious subject, which has lately occupied the attention of our most celebrated natural philosophers. Mr. Barrett, while acknowledging the difficulty of the investigation, has "sought to translate the phenomena of these sensitive flames from the 'disorderly mystery of ignorance' into the 'orderly mystery of science';" and this he does by giving the details of all the more important experiments that have been made. Mr. Spence Bate's "Attempt to approximate the date of the Flint Flakes of Devon and Cornwall" brings together all the most valuable opinions upon this question, and otherwise exhibits careful research. The paper is capitally illustrated. Besides these, we have the usual well-written "reviews" and the excellent and copious "scientific summary." Indeed, for this last feature alone, the *Popular Science Review* deserves the high position it has effectually secured in the estimation of the scientific and the general public.

The Contemporary Review for April is an excellent number. "The Rise and Progress of Mariolatry" is a little too narrow in thought. The article on Mr. Froude's history challenges with severity, and certainly with a show of reason, the work of the historian. The section chosen by the reviewer is that devoted to the account of the

Reformed Church in Ireland. Mr. Nugent's paper is well worth attentive perusal. The other articles are up to the average.

Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench. 1867. (Dean & Son.)—This work is as complete and as exhaustive as its title would lead us to expect. It is illustrated with the arms of the members of the House, neither very interesting nor very instructive objects. Some of the heralds must have been hard set to discover escutcheons for their clients. What the owner of a coal-mine, the proprietor of a pottery, a successful speculator, or an auctioneer can want with shields and mottoes it is not easy to make out.

Swedenborg's Writings. By the Rev. Augustus Clissold. (Alvey.)—The object of this little treatise is to repel an attack made upon the doctrines of the Swedenborgians by the Vicar of Frome-Selwood. The whole of Mr. Clissold's defence is based upon a fallacy, his argument resting upon the assumption that Swedenborg was a divinely sent teacher and expounder of Christian doctrines and mysteries; whereas nowhere is there any proof given of the credentials of this assumed mission. We cannot allow the *ipse dixit* either of Mr. Clissold or of his prophet Swedenborg to override the common truths of Christianity, as they are commonly understood and believed, without some sort of evidence that the new prophet received divine authority to interpret divine truths.

Chambers' Handy Guide to Paris and its Exhibition. (W. & R. Chambers.) *Paris for the English*. By W. B. Jerrold. (Bradbury, Evans, & Co.)—Messrs. Chambers's Guide opens in the orthodox fashion, going from passports to routes, then to Customs, then to "money," then to "hotels," then to "lodgings," "meals," "cafés," "commissionnaires," and "history." Mr. Jerrold's little book is more convenient. Both guides are furnished with excellent maps.

We have also received—*The Sermon on the Mount* in a series of Lectures delivered by the Rev. Walter C. Smith, M.A. (Edmonston & Douglas);—*Idolatries, Old and New, their Cause and Cure*, by James Baldwin Brown, B.A. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—*Standing and Stumbling*, by J. E. Phillip, M.A. (Rivingtons);—Nos. XIX. and XX. of *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, by Anthony Trollope (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—*United States Bonds and Securities* (Belding, Keith, & Co.);—*Ritualism Historically Considered*, by the Rev. Thomas Higgins, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The Episcopal Meeting of 1867*, a Letter to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, by Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. Davids (Rivingtons);—*Treatment of Epilepsy, Principles and Practice*, by John Chapman, M.D. (Trübner & Co.);—*Debate on Infanticide in the Harveian Medical Society of London*, edited by Dr. C. Drysdale, reprinted from *The Medical Press Circular*;—*No Vote, no Rate; or, Household Suffrage made at once Safe and Popular*, by G. Poulet Scrope, M.P. (Ridgway);—*Ireland: Tithe-rent a Poor-Rate; Radical Poor Law Reform*, by the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley;—*The Church Builder for April* (Rivingtons);—and No. 238 of *The Colonial Church Chronicle* (Same Publishers).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROBERT BELL, whose death we this day record with deep regret, was one of those literary men of the last generation who do not leave many successors in the present. He was not merely a skilled and effective writer; he was a man deeply read in the standard literature of the English language—a scholar, and a critic of ripe judgment, of fine discrimination, and of exquisite taste. Though an Irishman by birth and education, his literary sympathies were for the most part given to those earlier productions of our tongue which belong to a period at which neither Ireland nor Scotland contributed much to the common stock. Coming at an early age to London, he seems to have struck his roots here, and for the last forty years or more he has been intimately and honourably identified with metropolitan journalism and letters. Before quitting Dublin, he had written for the Magazines and the stage, and after coming to London he was appointed to the editorship of the *Atlas*, then a paper of high reputation for its literary and dramatic criticisms. At a later period, he joined that journal a second time, and again left it. He was also, between whiles, the editor of a Magazine called the *Monthly Chronicle*, a publication which was established by Sir Edward Bulwer and Dr. Lardner, and to which some of the best men of thirty years ago contributed. The *Story-teller*, a periodical collection of fictions, of English and foreign origin, was another of his publications; and his substantive works include—"The Life of George Canning;" concluding volumes to Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England" and to Southey's "Lives of the British Admirals," contributed to "Lardner's Cyclopaedia;" a "History of Russia;" "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Germany;" "Outlines of China;" "Hearts and Altars;" "The Ladder of Gold;" and "Memorials of the Civil War," founded on the inedited "Correspondence of the Fairfax Family." A very charming edition of the British poets was edited by him, with excellent biographies and annotations; and he likewise published an elaborate anthology of English poetry, under the title of "Golden Leaves." To these productions must be added three five-act comedies, full of wit and spirit, entitled "Marriage," "Mothers and Daughters," and "Temper," produced respectively in the years 1842, 1845, and 1847. It will be seen from this list that he was an industrious worker; yet he found time for much social intercourse, and was one of the most sparkling, vivacious, and agreeable members of a large circle. Of his warm, kindly, and sympathetic nature, this is not the place to speak; but it will be remembered by many with much tenderness now that the grave has closed over him. He was an active member of the committee of the Literary Fund, and in many other ways helped his less fortunate brethren of the pen. His death took place on the 12th inst., after a lingering illness, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Gout, thrown inward by a severe cold, was the cause of his demise. He was buried on Thursday in the Kensal Green Cemetery.

The *Publishers' Circular*, in summarizing the report on the English publishing trade contributed by Mr. W. H. Brookfield to the catalogue of the British section of the Paris Exhibition, says:—"The exhibi-

tion of books comprises the publications in Great Britain for the year 1866, and there appears little reason to doubt that it is practically complete. Some interesting considerations arise out of the mere number and prices of the volumes. It appears that any curious person who desired to possess a single copy of every work issued from the British press—exclusive of periodicals—would have to expend about £1,500 per annum. The number of volumes which he would have obtained last year for this sum would have been 4,752, that being the number displayed. The publishers contributing these works are 184 in number, of whom 141 are metropolitan, and 43 provincial. Of the metropolitan, Dublin furnishes 2, Edinburgh 6, and London 133. Nothing can show more clearly than this the tendency of the great metropolis to absorb all the publishing activity of the United Kingdom. Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow still have their great publishing houses; but even Edinburgh, which has struggled manfully for its individuality in this respect, now has its establishments in Paternoster-row, and is consequently becoming more Cockney than Scottish. The volumes contributed from the provinces amount to 335; those from Dublin, to 129; from Edinburgh, to 279; and from London 4,009. But, doubtless, many of the works which are assigned to Dublin and Edinburgh are really produced in London, and find their chief sale there. Mr. Brookfield calculates that, if we strike out mechanical arts, commerce, directories, agriculture, and all that claims but slender connection with literature proper, not more than half of the 4,752 volumes will remain to be classed with history, biography, travels, prose, fiction, poetry, a small proportion of religious writing, and a few other kinds to which we usually ascribe the name of literature. It is estimated that of the total number of works exhibited, 3,399 represent new publications, the remainder being reprints. Mr. Brookfield gives some curious facts as to reprints of great standard English authors during the year. Of these it appears there were two editions of Chaucer, fifteen of Shakespeare's plays and six of his smaller poems, two of Dryden, two of Butler, eight of Milton, five of Pope, four of Thomson, seven of Goldsmith, three of Gray, thirteen of Cowper, eight of Wordsworth, the same number of Moore, three of Shelley, and eleven of Byron. Such information is, of course, necessarily incomplete, because it affords no index of the numbers of copies sold. If the mere number of publications could be always taken as an indication of demand, sermons might be assumed to be more in request than any other publications; but, as Parson Adams discovered, this is a branch of production which sometimes presents the phenomenon of very extensive supply without any very direct reference to human wants. On this subject Mr. Brookfield observes—"Of the large number of original contributions included, many are collections of sermons written for the purpose of delivery, and only incidentally printed, it is true "by desire"—a desire, no doubt, within its professed range, in every case sincerely and affectionately entertained; but purchased—if such an inference from the apparently scanty proportion of reprints be not unwarrantable—more out of local and personal considerations than from any vehement impatience in the public to possess them. The much smaller number of books of controversial divinity is addressed to a limited audience, and many of them originate in zeal for the propagation of particular doctrines, rather than the hope of profit or of literary fame."

The *New York Times* denounces Mr. Ruskin for impertinence, in replying to an American artist of the pre-Raphaelite school, who had asked him for advice on the subject of art, that the barbarous manner in which the people of the North had conducted the war upon the Southerners had utterly destroyed his interest in the productions of American painters. "True art, in fact, could not flourish among a people so depraved; and he therefore advised his friend to abandon all effort to tread the true path in art, and to confine himself to painting such pictures as were suited to the degraded taste of the Northern Americans." We cannot be surprised that the *New York* journal should regard such a piece of advice as a strange specimen of morality. Mr. Ruskin, it is remarked, deliberately advises an artist to pursue the wrong and false way in art, because his countrymen have not followed a certain political course.

The peril to which newspapers are subjected, under the present state of the libel law, for the publication of *bond-fide* reports, was curiously exemplified on Saturday by an application made by Mr. Rigby Wason to Alderman Sidney, for a summons against the proprietors of the *Times* for libel. The libel complained of consisted partly of a report of the speeches of Lord Russell and the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on the subject of Mr. Wason's own petition. The application was dismissed; but that it should have been ever possible to make it, reveals a singular state of the law on this important subject.

The poet Close has sent round a handbill containing a list of his productions and of his patrons. "Archbishop, Bishops, Earls, and Great Lords have Smiled upon his last Work, and the Emperor of France has accepted the Wise Man of Stainmore." The poet attends at Kirkby Stephen railway-station to sell his own books and portraits.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has written a circular letter to the morning papers, denying the truthfulness of some remarks on his "New America" contained in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. The *Quarterly* critic replies, and Mr. Dixon rejoins, showing that his opponent has brought together phrases from different parts of his work, and applied his own meaning to them.

The Rev. Francis Trench communicates to *Notes and Queries* an anecdote of David Hume, which he says he found in the "Memoirs of James, Earl of Claremont" (edition 1810):—"He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual commonplace strain, that he was *abîmé, anéanti*. 'Oh! pour anéanti,' replied the lady, 'ce n'est en effet qu'une opération très-naturelle de votre système.'

Mr. John Leigh, of Manchester, has established a literary association which he calls "The Spenser Society," and which proposes to reprint "the rarer poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As, however, the founders' wish is to reprint the works of each author in as complete a form as possible, they would not hesitate

in many instances to include his prose writings also. . . . It is proposed to produce the reprints in a handsome form, adopting either similar type and paper to those of Mr. Collier's reprints, or the equally beautiful type and paper of the late Mr. Pickering's large-paper impressions of some of the early dramatists. Among the earliest issues of the Society will be the works of John Heywood, several pieces of John Taylor, the water-poet (not contained in the printed folio), and some rare tracts by Robert Green."

The Asiatic Society of Bengal have published a special number of their journal, containing an essay on the Ethnology of India, extending to 278 pages, and accompanied by an intimation that, if they receive further communications on the same subject, the whole will be printed as a "separate and special ethnological volume of the Journal."

A prize of £5 is offered, through the medium of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, for the best essay on the subject of Servants' Clubs. The essays are to be sent in on or before the 31st of May next, to the Secretary of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Strand, London.

It is reported that the Librarianship of the House of Commons, vacant by the death of Mr. Vardon, will be given by the Speaker, who holds the nomination, to his brother, Mr. Alfred Denison, who has for some time been his secretary. The salary is £1,000 a year, with a residence in the Palace.

The Bill conferring a pension on M. de Lamartine has passed the Corps Législatif by 148 to 24 votes.

M. Rouland recently said in the French Senate that M. Renan, on being appointed to the Hebrew Professorship in the College of France, had made promises as to the nature of his lectures, which he afterwards broke. The professor has since written to the *Temps* to deny this. He affirms that he has fulfilled all that he undertook to do in connection with the chair to which he was appointed; and he declares that he never gave either a written or a verbal promise limiting his discretion in the composition of his lectures.

L'Univers, the organ of the Jesuits in France, which was suppressed some time ago, is announced to reappear at Paris, under its former editor.

The Dean of Westminster is engaged in writing "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," as a companion to his "Memorials of Canterbury."

The charge of the Lord Chief Justice of England to the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, in the cases of the Queen against Nelson and Brand, is to be published, revised and corrected by the Lord Chief Justice, with the addition of notes. It will be edited by Frederic Cockburn, Esq., of the Crown Office.

The *People's Magazine* is now publishing a series of "Parisian Sketches," with illustrations by Gustave Doré.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick announces a sequel to his "Sham Squire" in the shape of "Revelations from the Unpublished Diary of Lord Clonmel, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland in 1774-1798."

Sir Charles Trevelyan has published a second edition of his pamphlet on the purchase system in the army, with a new preface.

Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have been appointed by the Presidents of the Booksellers' Union of Germany to collect and forward such books as our trading firms would like to exhibit on the Booksellers' Exchange at Leipzig, during the Easter Fair.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO. will publish in a few days "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," by John Stuart Mill, M.P. for Westminster, Vol. III.; "William Wilberforce, his Friends and his Times," by John Campbell Colquhoun, 2nd edition, revised; "Brand's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art," 4th edition, reconstructed and re-edited by the author and the Rev. G. W. Cox, 3 vols.; "Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines," 6th edition, rewritten and enlarged by Mr. Robert Hunt, assisted by eminent contributors, with 2,000 woodcuts, 3 vols.; "Light, its Influence on Life and Health," by Forbes Winslow; &c.

Mr. MURRAY's latest list of works in preparation comprises a "Memoir of Sir Charles Barry," by Alfred Barry; "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," by Charles Darwin; "On Molecular and Microscopic Science," by Mary Somerville; "The Huguenots in England, their Churches, Settlements, and Industries," by Samuel Smiles; Vols. III. and IV. of "The United Netherlands," by J. Lothrop Motley; "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," by A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster; "Deer and Deer Parks," by Evelyn Philip Shirley; "Studies of the Music of Many Nations," by Henry F. Chorley; "The Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes" (reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph*), by Professor Leone Levi; "Historical Puzzles," being notes of some doubtful points of history, by Octave Delepiere; and "The Five Ancient Eastern Monarchies—Media and Persia, their History, Geography, and Antiquities," being the fourth and concluding volume, by George Rawlinson.

Messrs. BLACKIE & SON will publish on the 16th inst. Dr. Ogilvie's "School Dictionary: an English Dictionary, Etymological, Pronouncing, and Explanatory," for the use of schools, abridged from "The Student's English Dictionary," by the author. The abridgment will comprise all purely English words in common use, Bible words not now used, and Shakespearian words; a concise Etymology; significations more ample and numerous than usual in school dictionaries, with the primary or root meaning; also lists of prefixes and suffixes, &c.

Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN are about to publish, uniform with their Library edition of "Don Quixote," Cassell's "Illustrated Book of Fables from La Fontaine," with Gustave Doré's illustrations. The work will appear in monthly parts, the first to be ready on the 30th of May. A presentation plate, consisting of a portrait of M. Gustave Doré, separately printed on thick plate paper (suitable for framing), will be issued gratuitously with the first part. The same house have now ready a new edition, in boards, of "Our Farm of Four Acres, how we Managed it, and what Money we made by it," and will publish in a few days a cheap edition of the "North-West Passage by Land, the History of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through British Territory," by Viscount Milton and W. B. Cheadle, with eight illustrations and maps.

[April 20, 1867.]

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Aunt Judy's May-day Volume. Edited by Mrs. Gatty. Imp. 16mo., 5s.
 Aveling (Rev. T. A.), Memorials of the Clayton Family. Svo., 12s.
 Beeton (Mrs. I.), Meats, How to Select, Cook, and Carve. Fcap., 1s.
 Binney (Rev. T.), Wise Counsels. People's edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Black's Guide to France. Fcap., 5s.
 Briars and Thorns. By Blanche Marryat. 3 vols. Cr. Svo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Captain Jack. By J. A. Maitland. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 21s.
 Catlow (J. P.), Principles of Ästhetic Medicine. Svo., 9s.
 Christian Society. Svo., 7s. 6d.
 Chambers' Educational Course.—Bell's (J.) Examination Questions in Book-keeping. Cr. Svo., 1s. 6d.
 Churchman's (The) Guide to Faith and Piety. New edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Cole Monti: a Tale. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 De Beauvoisin (M.), Collection of Anecdotes and Stories in French. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 — The French Verbs at a Glance. New edit. Svo., 1s.
 Dickens (C.), Our Mutual Friend. New edit. Illustrated. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 16s.
 Dobell (H.), On the True First Stage of Consumption. Cr. Svo., 3s. 6d.
 Donaldson (G.), The Shorter Catechism, Illustrated and Applied. 3rd edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Doré (G.), Illustrated Bible. Vol. II. Folio, 21s.
 Few (A.), Plain Sermons for Home Reading. By a Curate. Fcap., 3s.
 Ffoulkes (E. S.), Christendom's Division. Part II. Cr. Svo., 15s.
 Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Garden (Rev. F.), Outline of Logic. Fcap., 4s.
 Gaze (H.), Paris and its Exhibitions: how to see them for Five Guineas. Fcap., 1s.
 Godkin (J.), Ireland and her Churches. Svo., 16s.
 Goulim (Rev. E. M.), Farewell Counsels of a Pastor to his Flock. Fcap., 4s.
 Hazlitt (Wm.), Memoirs of. By W. C. Hazlitt. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 24s.
 Harris (G. C.), Church Seasons and Present Times: Sermons. Fcap., 6s.
 Hughes (E.), Hand Atlas for Bible Readers. 5th edit. Oblong, 2s. 6d.
 Hutchinson (Rev. T.), Holy Thoughts and Musings of a Departed Friend. 2nd edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Kain (G. J.), Solicitor's Book-keeping, by Double Entry. 8th edit. Fcap., 6s.
 — ditto. by Single and Double Columns. Svo., 7s. 6d.
 Katie Lawford's Victories, and Other Stories. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Knight (J. H.), Bible History. Fcap., 1s.
 Kuritz (J. H.), Bible History. Fcap., 1s.
 Lamb (Charles), Elizana. Cr. Svo., 1s.
 Lindsay (Rev. A.), Espoused to Christ. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Loyalist's Daughter (The), 4 vols. Cr. Svo., £2. 2s.
 Lytton (Lord), Last of the Barons. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 McBride (J. A.), Anatomical Outlines of the Horse. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
 Macdonald (G.), Dealings with the Fairies. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Mr. Wynnard's Ward. By Holme Lee. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 21s.
 Musgrave (Rev. G.), Nooks and Corners in Old France. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 24s.
 Ogilvie (J.), English School Dictionary. Royal 16mo., 5s. 6d.
 Our Farm of Four Acres. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Oxenham (Rev. H. W.), The Sentence of Vaires, and other Poems. 2nd edit. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Parish Difficulty (The) and its Remedy. Fcap., 1s.
 Percy (T.), Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. New edit. 3 vols. 16mo., 7s. 6d.
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels. People's Edition. Vol. I. Svo., 5s.
 Select Library of Fiction.—The Bertrams. By A. Trollope. Fcap., 2s.
 Shakespeare: Handy Volume Edition. Vol. XIII. 32mo., 1s.
 Slade (Sir A.), Turkey and the Crimean War. Svo., 15s.
 Smith (Albert), Paris and London: Humorous Pictures of Life in England and France. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 — (J. W.), Leading Cases. 6th edit. By F. P. Maude and T. E. Chitty. 2 vols. Royal Svo., £3. 10s.
 Taylor (Rev. W.), Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Thames (The), Illustrated by Photographs.—Vol. II. Cookham to Whitchurch. Cr. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Trollope (A.), The Belton Estate. New edit. Cr. Svo., 6s.
 Weale's Rudimentary Series.—Hann (J.), Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENTS PARK.—EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT, Wednesdays, May 29th, June 19th, and July 3rd. Tickets, 4s. each, to be obtained at the Gardens by orders from Fellows of the Society. The LAST SPRING EXHIBITION, Saturday next, April 27th. Gates open at 2 o'clock.
 Band will play from 2.30 to 5.30.

A R U N D E L S O C I E T Y.

Entrance Donation, £1. 1s. Annual Subscription, £1. 1s.

All persons can at once become members; and new subscribers will receive, in the Autumn of 1867, the following Publications:—

1. ZACHARIAS NAMING HIS SON JOHN,
 A Chromo-lithograph from the Fresco by Ghirlandaio, in S. Maria Novella, at Florence.

2. POETRY,
 A Chromo-lithograph from the Fresco by Raffaelle, in the Stanze of the Vatican. Specimens of the Works in progress can be seen in the Rooms of the Society, 24, Old Bond-street, W. F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

A R U N D E L S O C I E T Y.

Lately published, a Chromo-lithograph of "The FOUR SIBYLS," from the Fresco by RAFFAELLE, in S. Maria della Pace, at Rome. Price, to Members, 25s.; to Strangers, 31s. 6d. Copies can be seen in the Rooms of the Society, 24, Old Bond-street, W. F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a Course of Lectures on Geology having special reference to the application of the Science to ENGINEERING MINING, ARCHITECTURE, and AGRICULTURE. The Lectures will commence on Friday, April 26, at 9 a.m. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee, £1. 11s. 6d.

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DISDÉRI.—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Their Royal Highnesses the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, Prince Leopold, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, have condescended to sit for their Portraits to Mr. Disdéri. By the gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, the Portraits of Her Majesty and Their Royal Highnesses are on sale at Mr. Disdéri's Photographic Establishments in London, at 70, 71, and 72, Brook-street, Hanover-square; in Paris, 8, Boulevard des Italiens; and at all the principal Booksellers of Europe. Price: Carte de Visite, 1s.; coloured, 2s. Cabinet Portraits, 2s. 6d. Splendid Portrait of H.R.H., mounted on fine tinted large cardboard, 25 x 18½ inches; coloured, 5s.

DISDÉRI.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have honoured with a visit the studio of Mr. Disdéri, and have authorised him the sale of all the Portraits taken by him of Their Royal Highnesses, as well as those of Prince Victor and Prince George. Price: Carte de Visite, plain or enamel, 1s.; coloured, 2s. Cabinet Portraits, 2s. 6d. Splendid Portrait of H.R.H., mounted on fine tinted large cardboard, 25 x 18½ inches, price 1 guinea.

DISDÉRI.—On Sale.—Splendid Albums of Windsor and Osborne, photographed by Mr. Disdéri, under the immediate patronage and the gracious permission of H.M. the Queen. Historical text by Doyle C. Bell, Esq. These Albums, size, half-sheet Colombia, printed in new type, on extra thick plate paper, include Thirty-five Photographs of Interiors and Exteriors, mounted on extra fine tinted cardboard, and most elegantly bound in morocco. Price: Royal Edition of Windsor and Osborne, in natural photography, 20 guineas each; coloured, 40 guineas. Apply to Mr. Disdéri, 70, 71, 72, Brook-street, Hanover-square; and at Paris, 8, Boulevard des Italiens.

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